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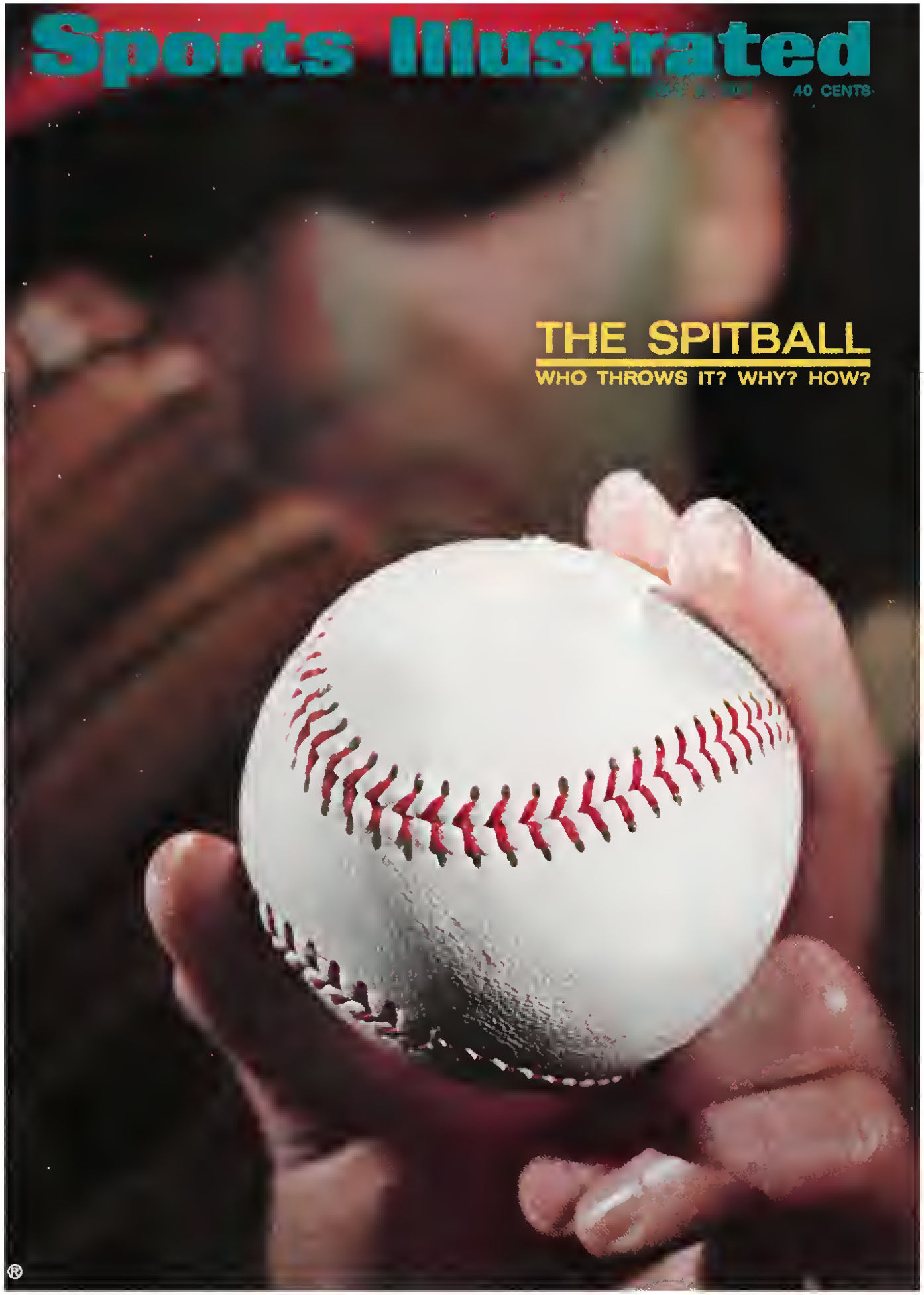

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Win or lose, STP will always stand for Scientifically Tested Products.

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The racer's edge

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Next week

WINNIPEG IS A MECCA for track and field fans as the Pan American Games begin this week, with athletes from 28 nations competing in 23 events John Underwood reports

A BASEBALL DONNYBROOK is developing in the American League, where five teams are in a battle for first place A report on the contenders and their chances of finishing on top

CANTANKEROUS SAILOR Don McNamara, a champion who acts more like a born loser, talks about his troubles as a boat-owner, a boat-racer and a reluctant boat-builder

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

All baseball fans are excited over the tight pennant races in both major leagues this year, but no one is enjoying it more than SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Writer-Reporter Herman Weiskopf. Weiskopf's business is baseball. He begins thinking about the forthcoming season in January, and by February he is at work on the scouting reports for our annual Baseball Issue. From April through September he writes the excellent weekly summaries of the action in both leagues – BASEBALL'S WEEK. In October, of course, you can find him at the World Series.

Weiskopf's continuing love for baseball is something like the undying affection one has for the girl who married somebody else. As a boy in Brooklyn his only ambition was to play ball. Although New York had the Yankees, the Giants and the Dodgers in those days, his family's modest circumstances usually kept him from attending major league games. But he recalls stoically that, anyway, Sundays were the best days for playing stickball and sandlot games himself. He says now with gloomy modesty that he never really was any good, but sheer doggedness might have made up for a lack of talent except for a series of infuriating accidents. When he was 15 a bicycle crash left him with a badly broken right leg. He spent six weeks in a cast and then, only 10 days out of it, was smashed while covering first base by a runner who outweighed him by some 100 pounds. This time he had a rebroken right leg and a broken right arm. "I used to think that there was *no* way for me not to be a professional ballplayer," he says wistfully, "but the harder I tried, the worse I got."

WEISKOPF LORDS UP A SENTENCE

If he couldn't play ball, Herman could write about it, and last year, in addition to his work for us, he stayed up all night virtually from July to December writing a book on Felipe Alou. It was during these interviews that he idly thought to ask Alou whether there really was such a thing as a spitter. "Definitely. I know it," Alou told him, and Herman was hooked. He estimates now that he interviewed some 75 ballplayers, made between 150 and 200 phone calls and took 40,000 words of notes. He was informed that a spitballer should chew slippery elm, so he went out and purchased slippery elm tablets to see what really happened when he chewed them. "They hardly taste at all," he reports, "but they really make you salivate." The feel of them, he says, is ooky. He practiced throwing the spitter in front of a mirror in a Chicago hotel room. He was approached by a major league pitcher, who had best remain nameless, and asked, "Do you know how to throw it? Could you teach me?" Herman thought that perhaps he could, but he did not. What he did do was write the article beginning on page 12 of this issue.

Gary Valk

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PUTTING ON THE DOG?

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So PUT ON THE DOG. (And invite the neighbors.)

In beer, going first class is Michelob. Period.

SCORECARD

CHARTING A NEW COURSE?

It was rumored last week in Denver that the touring pro golfers—who have been threatening for months to pull out of the Professional Golfers' Association unless they are given complete control of the $4.5 million tour—had lawyers drawing up a charter for a new players' organization, which would be based in Houston and headed by onetime Masters champion Jackie Burke.

Meanwhile the sponsors of the professional tournaments, who put up 85% of the purse money, are standing uneasily between the PGA and the players, apparently afraid to offend either. At a sponsors' meeting held last week, the general chairman of the Buick Open, Jerry Rideout, proposed some controversial rules to protect the backers of lucrative tournaments from heavy losses when star golfers fail to show up. But Rideout prefaced his proposals by saying they were "merely intended as thought starters. Perhaps the players could consider these points now and write some of them into the rules—to become effective, say, in five years. By then Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer and the other big names from the present tour aren't going to be playing more than a handful of tournaments a year anyway, so it won't hurt them. But there would be some control over the young golfers who are coming up. The young ones might be willing to agree now because they don't know what the future holds."

Among other things, Rideout suggested that 1) entries for a tournament close four weeks before an event (they now close four days before); 2) the sponsors be guaranteed that in all tournaments with a value exceeding $75,000 in purses, a minimum of 15 of the top 25 money winners of the previous year will participate (otherwise a sponsor could reduce the purse by 50%); and 3) a tournament champion must defend his title or pay the sponsor $5,000.

These are realistic proposals, of a type we have endorsed in the past. Professional golf is show biz and a $200,000 tournament without a star is like a four-day stage show with just a chorus line. If the players are drawing up that new charter, they would do well to give considerable thought to Jerry Rideout's suggestions.

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY

Clete Boyer did not want that home run he hit last week in Wrigley Field. Going into the game against the Cubs, he had 999 hits and had arranged with the umpires to retrieve the ball for him if he got No. 1,000. In the seventh inning Boyer hit the homer onto the catwalk in the left-field bleachers. The field announcer asked whoever retrieved the ball to return it to Boyer. The person would be given an autographed ball instead. After the game four people showed up at the front office, each claiming to have Boyer's ball.

LIGHTWEIGHT BOYCOTT

The national chairman of CORE, Wilfred T. Ussery, announced recently that his organization was requesting Negro fighters to boycott the World Boxing Association tournament which will determine the new heavyweight champion. "No Negro heavyweight should fight in a sport controlled by whites and which so flagrantly disregards the rights of black people," Ussery said. CORE specifically took issue with the California boxing board's refusal to grant Muhammad Ali a license to fight in a charity match in Oakland, the proceeds of which were "to help the starving people of the South." The commission rejected Ali's request on the grounds that he had been convicted of a felony.

But CORE cannot hope for much support from the five Negro boxers in the tournament. Here are their reactions to the boycott proposal:

Thad Spencer: "Any Negro involved in the tournament who listens to Ussery has to be out of his mind. I've put 10 years of my life into boxing and now that I can nearly see the title, I'd be crazy to step away."

Jimmy Ellis: "Boxing is my means of making a living. I don't want to get mixed up in those racial things."

Leotis Martin: "Nothing CORE says will change my mind. I'll fight for any promoter—white, black or anybody. But I don't hear any colored promoters knockin' on my door."

Ernie Terrell: "I won't pull out of the tournament. But if CORE wants to organize its own tournament and make me an offer, I would consider it."

Floyd Patterson: "To me, there is no justification in CORE's proposal. Muhammad Ali is in a tough spot and for this I am really sorry, but he chose the course himself."

SANDBLASTER

It might have been the greatest explosion shot in the history of golf. Last week in the Scottish Amateur Championship at Carnoustie, Jim Hay, a 30-year-old salesman from Glasgow, hooked his tee shot into a bunker on the 14th fairway. On examining his lie he noticed, half buried 18 inches behind his ball, a rusty metal object. On closer inspection it proved to be a bomb. "I realized it was some kind of explosive device and I was going to ask the championship committee whether I could have a free lift and drop," Hay said later. Instead, he elected to play—he was 4 up with

five holes to go and hardly figured on blowing up. The ball flew out of the bunker, and the bomb was undisturbed. Hay won his match.

When he reported his discovery, the Royal Highland Fusiliers were called in

continued

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from a nearby army camp. They gingerly removed the bomb, found it had a 12-second fuse and was still very much alive, and detonated it on wasteland nearby.

A member of the championship committee said it was just as well Hay had not requested a ruling. Under the *Rules of Golf* he was not entitled to a free drop. However, had he wished, he could have removed the bomb, since it was a man-made object that was not intended to be part of the hazard.

THE SOCCER EXCHANGE

During the first two weeks in July a rowdy chorus of Italian soccer fans milled outside Milan's posh Hotel Excelsior Gallia as, inside, the owners of the nation's soccer teams dealt for top players. In this annual July frenzy, one-third of the star performers are likely to change teams. Italian financiers, shipowners, auto manufacturers and oil executives, carried away by municipal pride, try fiercely to outbid each other. Sometimes the checks they pay with have as much bounce in them as a soccer ball, but by the end of the recent bartering session an estimated $8 million had been invested.

The biggest buyer was Milan's Internazionale team, staked by a Sardinian oilman, which spent $650,000 for one player and an estimated $1.7 million in all. It was reported, at one point, that Napoli, a team backed by Shipowner Achille Lauro, had bid $1.3 million for Gigi Meroni, a bearded beatnik left winger from Torino. Then Giovanni Agnelli, who owns Fiat and backs Torino's intercity rival Juventus, made a deal for Meroni. This so angered Torino's fans that they demonstrated in front of Agnelli's home. Disturbed at the prospect of offending half the Fiat drivers in Turin, Agnelli canceled the deal, making Meroni one Italian star who stayed put, to the relief of Torino rooters. Even more relieved at week's end was the management of the Excelsior Gallia, which was concerned at "people running in and out in their jerseys" and had asked the soccer league to hold its meetings elsewhere.

TRY THIS, GRANDPAPA

One of the problems put to the 99 schoolboys participating in the recent Math Olympics held in Cetinje, Yugoslavia read: "In a sports meeting lasting n days

(n greater than 1) there are m medals to be won. On the first day one medal and ⅟n of the remaining (m−1) medals are won. On the second day two medals and ⅟n of the remainder are won. And so on. On the nth day (the last) exactly n medals are won. How many days did the meeting last, and what was the total number of medals?"

Solving such sporting questions (answer to the above: six days and 36 medals) were 15- and 16-year-olds from 13 nations, including England, Italy, Russia, France, Sweden and Hungary. The Russians won the most gold medals, and the East Germans, who had set up a special Olympic training camp to prepare for the competition, were second. The French, who performed surprisingly poorly, explained away their defeat by contending that the questions put to the Olympians were not sufficiently *avant-garde*. "They were the questions of Grandpapa," one French official said.

ESCAPAID

Four young men in Indianapolis have evolved a rent-an-island plan for people who want to get away from it all but don't have enough capital to get away from any of it. The project, tentatively approved by the city's park department, calls for the building of 15 islands, the largest of them two acres, in what is now a marshy reservoir area five miles west of town. The islands could be rented by the hour or by the day, would be landscaped and have small shelters. Some would be accessible by footbridges but others only by boat. Still to be decided is the rental charge — perhaps $5 a day and 5¢ a flower.

RACKET

In Jakarta last month the final match of the world badminton championship, the Thomas Cup, was interrupted and then postponed when the spectators rioted. At the time Malaysia was leading archrival Indonesia 4–3 and needed to win only one game to take the fifth and final match. The partisan Indonesian crowd, sensing the home team was about to lose the cup, which it had held for nine years, began jeering and exploding flashbulbs in an effort to distract the Malaysians. They were succeeding when the final match was stopped by the International Badminton Federation secretary, Harold Scheele.

Since world-class badminton is usually played in silence, flash cameras are barred and in the most torrid heat air conditioners are shut off because the currents might subtly affect the flight of the shuttlecock, it was no wonder that Harold Scheele decided badminton Indonesian style "was simply not sport." He suggested to local officials that they calm the crowd or complete the competition behind closed doors. They refused to do either, saying they would be lynched by the mob. The next day Scheele and the Malaysians were flown out of the country under military escort.

Early this month in London the International Badminton Federation ruled that the match should be concluded on neutral ground in New Zealand. Some Indonesians argued that if their team did not show up in New Zealand, it would not actually be defeated on the courts and therefore would not have to hand over the cup. Last week Indonesia's General Suharto and his cabinet considered the issue, and admitted defeat, though not in a very winning way. Foreign Minister Adam Malik announced that the government believed a costly journey to New Zealand — for perhaps 15 minutes of badminton — was unnecessary, and suggested the Thomas Cup be returned to the IBF.

The trophy will be shipped to London, where the IBF will simply readdress it to Malaysia. The Indonesians declined to deliver the prize directly to the winners. "Indonesia is an utter failure at everything but badminton," declared Scheele, somewhat pompously. "This is the only activity at which the country can enjoy some measure of world prestige, and it is desperate to maintain that prestige."

THEY SAID IT

• Chicago Cub Coach Joe Becker, reminiscing about Erv Palica, the old Dodger pitcher: "He had so many pitches, the catcher had to take off his mitt to give the sign."

• Bud Grant, Minnesota Viking head coach, after allowing a rookie quarterback to switch to end: "They can play anything they want except coach."

• Juan Marichal discussing his high-kick delivery: "In golf they tell you not to take your eye off the ball as you swing and to follow through. It's the same with pitching. The leg goes up, the arm goes down, but the head doesn't move very much."

END

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Sports Illustrated
JULY 31, 1967

THE INFAMOUS SPITTER

Banned from baseball in 1920, the spitball has made such a rousing comeback that a quarter of all big-league pitchers now throw it. A dab of something wet and slippery—and a loser can become a hero **by HERMAN WEISKOPF**

No umpire can see it, no batter can hit it, no pitcher would ever admit throwing it. It is unwanted, unloved, unallowed, a UFO in horsehide, a slippery figment of the imagination. Yet this year it has been the subject of more discussion than the miniskirt in major league dugouts and just last week two Yankee announcers came about as close as anyone ever has to describing it over the air.

"Looks like he's getting ready to throw his knuckle curve ball," chuckled Joe Garagiola, watching the Yankees' Thad Tillotson putting his hand to his mouth between deliveries. "At least that's what he calls it. Pedro Ramos used to call it a Cuban palm ball."

"Gene Bearden had one of those knuckle curves," said Jerry Coleman. "Won 20 games and a pennant for the Indians with it. Steve Gromek had one, too. No spin on it. Broke straight down."

The pitch the two men were discussing was, of course, the spitball (*see cover*), the illegal but highly popular spitball, and they were in no way suggesting that Thad Tillotson had something unique going for him. Almost 25% of all major league pitchers are throwing the spitter, while 100% of all major league umpires, unable to enforce the rule against it, look the other way. Says Manager Eddie Stanky of the White Sox: "Other managers have told me that they have instructed their pitching coaches to teach their pitchers the spitter because the umpires aren't going to do anything to stop it." Gene Mauch of the Phillies agrees. "There's no use complaining about the spitter, because the umpires are helpless to do anything about it."

Well-equipped locker of spitball pitcher might include hair tonic, olive oil, water and coal-tar oil, as well as such mouth-watering items as gum, chewing tobacco and throat lozanges

Still, someone has to complain once in a while. Mauch himself squawked about Cal Koonce of the Cubs. Hank Bauer of Baltimore got so exercised about Tillotson's knuckle curve ball he was thrown out of a spring training game. Early in June Cleveland Manager Joe Adcock asked Larry Napp, the plate umpire, to go to the mound and check Dean Chance's hands. Napp discovered nothing unusual.

"Adcock's got a nerve," said Early Wynn, the Twins' pitching coach. "There are three guys on his club who go to the mound with a bucket of water and a sponge. And ask him about that guy he's got who uses Vaseline."

A month later Chance's hands were rechecked, and it was found that he had a sticky substance on them. Not the thing for the spitter, perhaps, but ideal for making the ball do tricks. The umpires made him clean his hands with alcohol.

Pitcher Jack Hamilton of the Angels, sometimes called "Hairbreadth Harry," throws "the most flagrant spitter I ever saw," says Washington's Gil Hodges, normally the most placid of managers. "It was the worst exhibition I've seen in baseball," he charged after one game. "He made a farce of the game. Everyone knows that 90% of the pitchers in our league have thrown a spitter at one time or another, but none continues to break the rule like Hamilton."

Hodges got so worked up he wrote a five-page letter on the subject to League President Joe Cronin. Replied Cronin: "I appreciate your frustration."

According to Jim Brosnan, who professes to have thrown but one in his life (Bill Virdon hit it 400 feet), the spitter is widespread because "the bread of deceit is sweet." And it is true that the spitball is not always an effective pitch. If a spitter doesn't break, it's nothing but a damp fast ball. Ralph Terry, recently retired, says: "I tried a few, but guys hit such long home runs off them that I stopped."

Effective or not, the spitter poses a psychological threat. "The hitters think I use a spitter," says one National League pitcher, "and you can see them get upset about it. I should thank them. They've added a pitch to my repertoire. Henry Aaron is a fine hitter, but he worries more about the spitball than anyone in the league. I struck him out quite a few times last year by faking a spitter after I got two strikes on him. How much better can the real thing be?"

For a long time, even though a few spitballs were being thrown, hardly anyone in baseball would discuss the pitch. Today, however, it is so much a part of the game that everyone talks about it constantly. "One of my pitchers picked it up last year," says Grady Hatton of the

continued

Phil Regan insists he does not use the pitch as often as he claimed

Authorities agree that Don Drysdale's spitter is the best in the majors.

Houston Astros. "It was Bob Bruce. He was having trouble getting men out, so I told him to go to Phil Regan—they had been teammates in Detroit—and ask him how to throw a spitter. He came back with a pretty good spitball."

"You can classify spitballs and curves and sliders and fast balls," says George Sisler, "but you can't generalize about them and say that all spitballs can't be hit. Some pitchers have good sliders, some bad ones. Some have good spitballs, some don't."

Essentially, the spitball is a fast knuckle ball. Like the knuckle ball—and unlike the curve and fast ball—most spitters seem to have little or no spin. When a blunt object like a baseball doesn't spin, the inevitable asymmetry in the airflow can cause it to go off course or break. And because gravity is also exerting its influence, it accentuates any downward motion.

What spit does is lubricate the fingers of the pitcher so he can reduce the spin on the ball. By using the resin bag and gripping the ball along the seams, as with the curve and fast ball, the pitcher increases the frictional effect of the fingers on the ball at the moment of release, thereby imparting rotation. But with spit the friction is lessened at the point of release, and in consequence so is the spin. Some ballplayers believe that the accumulation of spit on the ball deflects the airflow and makes the spitter break, but Dr. Stanley Corrsin, professor of Fluid Mechanics at Johns Hopkins, is inclined to doubt it.

"For this to occur," he says, "you would need a layer of spit about 1/50 of an inch high, or the same order of magnitude as the height of the stitches. Otherwise it wouldn't act as an aerodynamic protuberance. And if a pitcher applied that much spit, I can't see how the umpire could fail to detect it. Why, when I tried it the spit was flying off visibly in the sunlight."

Although National League hitters are demonstrably superior to their American League counterparts, there are, inexplicably, twice as many spitballers in the National League, notably Don Drysdale and Regan of the Dodgers, Gaylord Perry of the Giants and Bob Shaw of the Cubs.

"Drysdale's is the best because he throws it the hardest," says Gene Mauch.

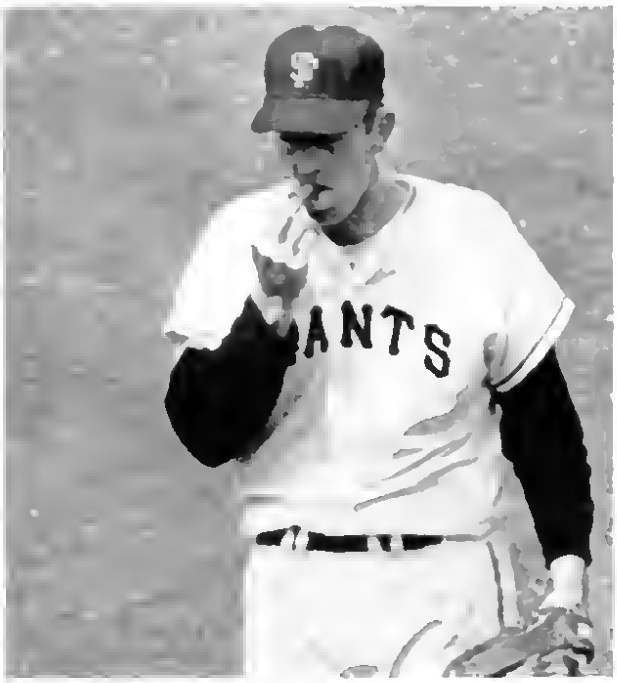
Other observers give the nod to Regan. In his last season and a half with the Tigers, Regan was 6-15 and had a 5.02 ERA. In 1966, after the Dodgers picked him up from Syracuse, he was 14-1 and had a 1.62 ERA.

"I can't come right out and tell you that I now throw the spitter," Regan recently told a newspaperman, "but I'd say this: I don't use it nearly as much as everyone thinks."

Perry's case is somewhat parallel. In 1965 he had an 8-12 record and an ERA of 4.18. Last year Perry, who said that he had developed a slider, was 21-8 with a 2.99 ERA.

John Wyatt of the Red Sox, Jack Hamilton of the Angels, Ron Kline and Dean Chance of the Twins and Orlando Pena of the Tigers are reputed to have the finest spitballs in the American League, although there are those who feel Wyatt should not be classified as a spitballer because he uses Vaseline Hair Tonic. Another American League pitcher switched from tobacco juice, which left telltale spots, to Vitalis. Before loading up he runs his fingers through his hair or makes use of a spot of Vitalis he keeps on the back of his glove.

Perhaps no pitcher has engendered more controversy about the spitter than Lou Burdette, late of the California Angels. Burdette admittedly goes to his mouth before he pitches, but he has always denied that he uses a spitball. However, Don Hoak, now a Phillie coach, says, "Only once did I ever see water fly off a spitball, and the man who threw me that pitch was Burdette." Another player once stationed himself near the ball bag so he could write messages to Burdette on the balls. The gist of



A new 'slidar' turned Gaylord Perry into a 21-game winner last year

Jack Hamilton has what Gil Hodges calls "the most flagrant spitter"

these billets-doux was "Spit here, Lou."

The Burdette case came to a head in 1957 when Birdie Tebbetts, then managing the Reds, asked National League President Warren Giles to determine whether Burdette was violating Rule 8.02, which applies to spitters.

"There is nothing in the rule," Giles said, "that I can interpret as prohibiting a pitcher from moistening his fingers if he does not apply moisture to the ball. I personally have watched Burdette and studied his actions and inquired of all our umpires and others, and neither I nor they are of the opinion that he has, up to now, violated the intent or language of Rule 8.02.

"The language of 8.02 goes: 'The pitcher shall not 1) apply a foreign substance of any kind to the ball, 2) expectorate either on the ball or in his glove; 3) rub the ball on his glove, person or clothing, 4) deface the ball in any manner; 5) deliver what is called the "shine" ball, "spit" ball, "mud" ball or "emery" ball.

'PENALTY: For violation of any part of this rule the umpire shall immediately disqualify the pitcher, and the league president shall suspend the pitcher for a period of 10 days.' "

"It's awfully hard to prove that anyone is throwing spitters," says Cal Hubbard, supervisor of American League umpires. "I know one when I see it, and I saw a good many when I was umpiring. The ball would take a funny break and really down deep in your heart you knew it was a spitter, but it was too late to prove it. It's the same today. The rule is clear, but it is unenforceable, because how can you *prove* that a guy threw it? As far as I'm concerned, there aren't any pitchers throwing spitballs, because it's against the rules."

Big-league pitchers are invariably too cute to be caught dousing the ball. For example, Preacher Roe practiced his spitter for 10 years before using it in a game (SI, July 4, 1955).

"They'll be watching me close," Roe says, recalling his thoughts at the time, "so I'll have to have a secret source of supply." He perfected a method of wiping the sweat from his brow and at the same time spitting on the meaty part of his hand. From there it was easy to bring his index and middle fingers into contact with the "supply" and load up.

"I finally got so I could hit the spot on the move," says Roe.

Roe is not implying that he spat directly on the ball. Despite 8.02 (2), only a handful of the oldtime spitballers used this relatively crude technique.

The late Schoolboy Rowe admitted in 1952 that he had used a form of spitball illegally. The secret of his spitter, he revealed, was olive oil. His favorite practice was to rub the olive oil on his left wrist (he was a right-hander). "After you start to sweat," Rowe explained, "beads of sweat will collect around the oil and with the glove hiding your hand and the ball how could the ump catch you?"

The spitball was invented (or stumbled upon) in 1902 by George Hildebrand, who was playing outfield for Providence in the Eastern League, although there are those who maintain that the honor should go to Bobby Mathews who, on May 4, 1871, pitched Kekionga of Fort Wayne, Ind. to a 2-0 win over Forest City of Cleveland in the first professional league game ever played. Mathews never came right out and said he threw a spitter, but he had a funny habit of wetting his fingers before pitching.

Hildebrand's historic account begins: "I was warming up alongside Red Corriden, a rookie who was getting ready to pitch. He threw his slow ball by wetting the tips of his fingers. Just as a joke, I took the ball and put a big daub of spit on it and threw it up to the catcher. The ball took such a peculiar shoot that all three of us couldn't help notice[...]. About four weeks later in an exhibition game against Pittsburgh, Corriden used the spitball. He struck out about nine players in five innings and then couldn't

continued

raise his arm, so he had to be taken out."

Ironically, Corriden, believing the spitball was injurious to the arm, refused to use the pitch anymore. Actually, it later proved to be an arm-saver. For instance, Urban (Red) Faber did not start throwing a spitter until he hurt his arm.

Later in 1902 Hildebrand was sent to Sacramento of the Pacific Coast League, where one of his teammates was Elmer Stricklett—like Corriden a sore-armed pitcher. "I gave him the secret for what we called the wet ball," Hildebrand said, "and he won 11 straight games."

Nonetheless, the spitball did not catch on until the spring of 1904, when Stricklett, his arm as good as new, got a tryout with the White Sox and roomed with Ed Walsh, another rookie right-hander. Fielder Jones, the manager of the Sox, took a liking to Walsh's fast ball, but he did not like another Walsh pitch that would drop sharply and bounce off the catcher's legs. When Walsh confessed he was applying spit to the ball, a trick he had learned from Stricklett, Jones was outraged. "Stop it and behave yourself," he said.

Walsh, strong, mischievous and 22, did *not* behave. He won 40 games with his spitter in 1908 and was one of the few men who could break it in, out, up or down. Walsh was also one of the first to add an extra ingredient to his saliva.

"I didn't slop all over the ball," he once said. "I just nipped a little off a slippery elm tablet on the bench before each inning."

It was in 1906 that Burleigh Grimes, then a youngster of 11 living on a farm in Clear Lake, Wis., took an eventful trip that was to start him on a career as the winningest spitballer (270 games) of them all. It was also Grimes who on Sept. 20, 1934 threw the last legal spitter in the majors, probably to Jersey Joe Stripp of the Dodgers, the final batter he faced. (Although the spitball was banned in 1920, each team was permitted to designate two pitchers who could continue to use it until the end of their major league careers.)

"My father and uncle were sending four carloads of cattle to St. Paul," Grimes recalls. "When you sent a carload or more you were allowed to ride in the caboose, and that's how I got to go along on the trip with my uncle. When he had taken care of his business in St. Paul, he said, 'How'd you like to go to a ball game?' and he takes me out to the ball park. I saw this guy—his name was Hank Gehring—using a spitball that day. When I got home, I cut some basswood—some people call it chokeberry—and put it in my mouth to make me salivate. As school kids we used to chew it all the time. Well, I got a catcher and I'd work out with him at noon at school and I'd practice on throwing the spitter. From then on I was a spitball pitcher."

Grimes is now 73 and a gentleman farmer in Trenton, Mo. "I like to sit in this easy chair by the window here," he says. "That way I can look out at the birds and animals that come right up on the back lawn—foxes and rabbits. The quail come in the morning. At night the deer show up. I sit here and look out at it all, and I think to myself that everything I've got I owe to the spitball. Yes, sir, I owe it *all* to the spitball.

"It was a wonderful pitch for me some days. Other days it would make me weep. Just couldn't make it work at times. There are a lot of untruths about the spitball, like about how hard it was to control, about how it used to be so wet that the infielders had a hard time picking up ground balls and about how hard it was on the arm. I'll tell you, I never had trouble controlling it and only once hit a man with it. That was Mel Ott. Hit him in the neck.

"I lost a game in Chicago once because my shortstop got hold of three ground balls and threw each of them away for errors. I had them beat 2-0 in the eighth. Then the shortstop threw a ball away in the eighth, the ninth and the 10th, and the Cubs scored each time to beat me. After the game he complained that he couldn't handle the balls because of the spit on them. Well, now, the thing about it was that all three of those plays

BURLEIGH AS A BROOKLYN OOGER

GRIMES TELLS HOW HE THREW IT

The first thing you have to understand about the spitball is that it is a highly individualized pitch. Even those of us who used it were never able to agree on the proper method for throwing it. For instance, the grip. I gripped the ball hard. The tremendous force I exerted seemed to send the ball squirting out of my hand. I have always compared my release of the ball with the way you squirt a watermelon seed between your fingers: you squeeze and squeeze, and then the seed goes *blip* and is on its way. Stan Coveleskie's delivery was different. He held the ball loosely and sort of pushed it out. Perhaps that explains why my ball rotated and his did not. Or maybe my pitch spun because I snapped my wrist, something that many other spitball pitchers didn't do.

The number of spitters I threw each game varied according to the situation and how my pitches were working, but no matter what pitch I intended to throw I always made it look as though it was going to be a spitter. Before each pitch I would hide my face and pitching hand behind my glove and either load up or fake loading up. Despite this there were times I gave myself away. Art Fletcher of the Giants discovered that when I was faking the spitball, instead of tucking my pinkie under the ball, I would stick it out to the side—you know, the way a woman daintily holds a teacup. I also found that at times I gave away my spitball because I would work my jaws to move the elm into position when I was going to load up.

One of the most common misconceptions concerning the pitch is that we *really* loaded up. Many of us, I suppose,

he threw away were hit off fast balls.

"I remember my baseball days fondly, and there has been many a night when I've sat by the window looking out at the sunset or the stars and then looked down and noticed that my right hand was wrapped around my left as though I were gripping my spitball. I haven't pitched in more than 30 years, but I guess I'll never stop throwing my spitter."

On Feb. 9, 1920 *The New York Times* reporter covering the annual winter baseball meetings in Chicago wrote, "No radical departures from the present rules are looked for, but there is no telling what may develop when committees gather."

The following day the rules committee announced that it had barred all trick deliveries (*e.g.*, the emery ball, mud ball and licorice ball), including the spitter. No official explanation was ever given as to why the spitball or, for that matter, the other trick pitches, were abruptly deemed detrimental. But there are some pretty good theories. The prohibition came exactly four months after the final game of the infamous 1919 World Series. Although a year would pass before several of the White Sox admitted throwing the Series, there was talk, and the committee quite possibly felt the game needed a more wholesome image. In addition, 1919 was the year that Babe Ruth made his conversion from pitching to the outfield and hit a record 29 home runs. The rulemakers doubtlessly realized that the excitement stimulated by Ruth was healthy and that more homers would be hit if trick pitches—most of which were designed to break down and were therefore difficult to knock out of the park—were done away with.

Nowadays there is a growing feeling in baseball that the spitball must either be officially reinstated or more effectively prohibited.

"I want them to legalize the spitter or enforce the rule against it," says Grady Hatton. "I'm tired of hearing batters gripe about it. I go out and argue for them, and it's me who gets run out of the game and winds up with a fine. I was chased six times last season, four times for beefing about spitballs."

Among those against legalizing the pitch are Warren Giles, Stan Musial and Ted Williams.

"Fans have shown that they enjoy seeing hitting," says Giles, "and they have proved that home-run hitters have gate appeal. We don't catch all the murderers, but we don't legalize murder because of that."

"Everything has been against the hitters in recent years," says Musial. "Parks are bigger now. The strike zone was enlarged. A lot of pitchers have come up with the slider and that has hurt the batters. There are hardly any .300 hitters left anymore."

"Pitching isn't a weakness in this game right now," says Williams. "It's the hitters who are the weak ones today. I would never criticize the modern hitters, but there just don't seem to be as many good ones around. Once you allow the spitter, they're going to start fooling around with all sorts of trick pitches again."

On the other hand, American League President Joe Cronin says: "There have been so many accusations, and rather than have pitchers live under a cloud of talk that they are cheating, I would like to bring the pitch back."

"As it now exists, the spitball situation is a black eye for baseball," says Don Hoak. "People look up and they say, 'My kid sees this pitcher and he knows he's cheating.' That's bad. If they want to create a good image for baseball, they're going to have to stop the pitch completely or legalize it. I don't think they can stop it."

"They don't have to legalize the spitball," says Gene Mauch. "The umpires are helpless because of the rules, so it's legal already."

When the baseball rules committee met in Pittsburgh last December it took up the spitball and issued a beautiful statement: "Constant allegations about the pitchers cheating are a reflection on our business. But the committee agrees there is no definite proof that the spitball is being used." **END**

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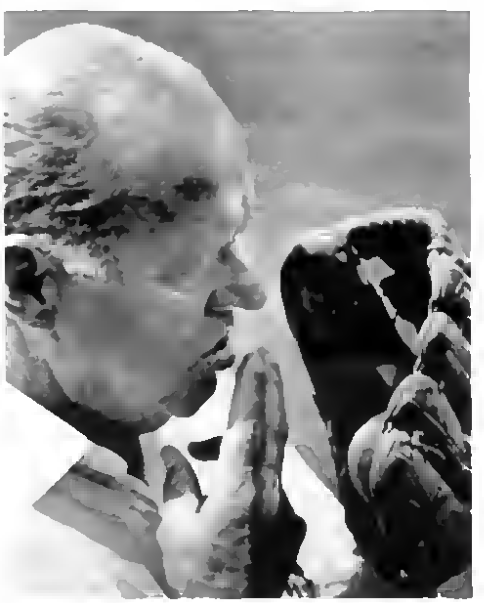
had a tendency to wet our fingers too much at first. It seemed to be a natural thought that it took a lot of spit to make the ball work. One by one, however, most of us found that we got better results if we used just a dab.

To me, saliva was useless unless mixed with something like slippery elm. The elm created a film that kept the fingers from actual contact with the ball, much as oil prevents a piston from rubbing against the cylinder. This slickness not only reduced friction, it also made it possible for the ball to slip smoothly from the top two fingers.

I used to cut the elm bark myself in the winter and keep it in a box so it would dry out. If I left it in the open it would absorb the moisture and odors in the room and make me sick to my stomach. I'd put the elm in my glove and drop the works between the mound and the dugout after each inning. But those guys on other teams would kick my glove and get my elm full of dirt. Finally I brought my glove to the dugout to put an end to that.

Releasing the ball was one of the most troublesome parts of mastering the pitch. Some pitchers could not get the knack of how to apply pressure with their fingers and how to release the ball. I never gripped any of my pitches with any part of my fingers below the first joint, for I found that the farther out on my fingers I held the ball the heavier it would go up to the batter and the more it would break. Thick callouses used to form on my thumb (which I never wet) and on the top two fingers. Why, many times it was my fingers that would tire before my arm.

Early in my career I learned why my spitter was misbehaving occasionally. It turned out that my fingernails were too long and were ticking the ball as it left my hand. Right then and there I began realizing that there was much more to the art of throwing the spitter than I had ever realized.



BURLEIGH AT 73 LOADS ONE UP

TWO DONS IN QUEST OF A TITLE

In the thin air of Denver, Don January won the PGA championship by beating Don Massengale in a playoff, an unlikely end to a tournament held on a course that had survived flood, hail and searing heat **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

Most people who attend a major golf tournament are a little befuddled by all the obscure characters who seem to be cluttering up the course and getting in the way of Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Billy Casper. When the likes of Bill Bisdorf and Larry Mancour and Davis Love intrude, the gallery considers it irrelevant if not impertinent. Then there are others whose names are vaguely familiar and, although hardly anyone is quite sure who they are, they are accepted as a convenient backdrop for the tournament what the fight game used to call "opponents." They have names like Dave Hill, Tommy Aaron, Dan Sikes, Don January and Don Massengale. Occasionally they win tournaments in Memphis and Jacksonville and St. Paul, but they conveniently fade into the background when the big shows begin. Last week at the PGA championship in Denver, however, Hill, Aaron, Sikes, January and Massengale owned the show. It was as if Walter Slezak and Thelma Ritter were billed over Richard Burton and Liz Taylor.

When it was all over after an 18-hole playoff on Monday afternoon, January was the new PGA champion. He shot a three-under-par 69 to beat Massengale by two strokes and in the process his putting, which had been excellent throughout much of the tournament, verged on the sensational. January had lost a previous PGA playoff to Jerry Barber in 1961, but he was never in danger of losing this one after he made up an early two-stroke deficit at the 8th hole. Over the last nine, January knocked in four birdies from as far away as 35 feet, and if his name wasn't Nicklaus he certainly played like it.

Until two weeks before the start of the tournament, it looked as if the 1967 PGA was destined to go down in history as the Snakebit Open. In fact it wasn't until then that the touring pros finally called off their threatened revolt and agreed to take part. But the troubles of this tournament started long before that.

Back in June of 1965 one of those flash floods that in summer occasionally wash away sizable chunks of the western states struck central Colorado and sent the South Platte River roaring and tumbling through the suburbs of Denver. In its path was the Columbine Country Club, which was already in the early stages of plastic surgery for the 1966 PGA. At one point, a third of the golf course was, in effect, the bottom of a lake. When it emerged two days later, two holes had disappeared. So had some $35,000 worth of face-lifting. In September, Tournament Chairman J. E. (Ev) Collier, the gregarious businessman-golfer who had launched Columbine 11 years earlier and had brought the championship to his new club, invited 500 eager citizens for a kickoff dinner. The kickoff turned out to be more like a touchback. Former Colorado Governor Dan Thornton arose to announce that there was no chance to rebuild the course in time for a tournament only 10 months away.

PGA Championship Director J. Edwin Carter immediately began scrounging around for another locale. No easy job. Staging a modern golf tournament is a little like moving the 3rd Division across the Rhine. Carter's knowing eye lit on the Firestone Country Club in Akron, which just loves big golf tournaments and knows how to put them on. Since Firestone had the 1967 PGA, Carter persuaded that club to trade dates with Columbine, permitting the latter an extra year for repairs.

All told, it took another $90,000 to put Columbine back in playing condition. With a lot of energetic frontier blood in its membership, the young club did a fine job. The hardy bluegrass on its fairways was groomed to perfection, troublesome fairway bunkers were added and the fairways themselves were narrowed. At several places in the areas where drives would land, it was a mere 17 paces from one side of the fairway to the other. At 7,436 yards from the back tees, the most yardage on which a championship has ever been conducted, Columbine seemed long enough to contain even Jack Nicklaus.

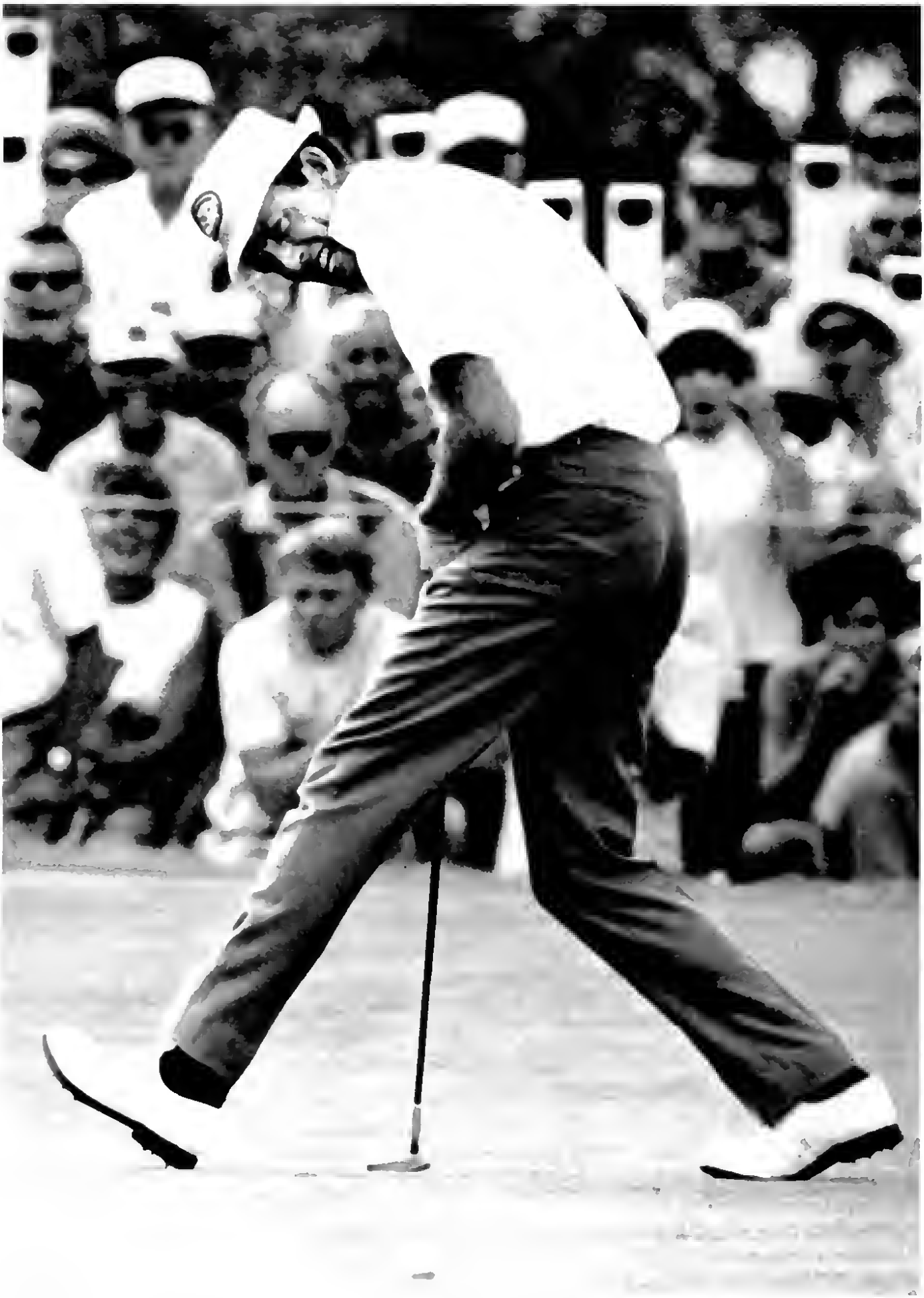
Such man-made impedimenta were enough to convert Columbine into a reasonable facsimile of a championship test, although the course would never be confused with Baltusrol or Merion as a God-given site for the ancient game. For one thing, in Denver's rarefied 5,000-foot atmosphere, golf yardage is deceptive. Shots played by the pros will travel an average of 7% farther than at sea level, which immediately reduced Columbine's yardage to the equivalent of something like 6,900 yards under ordinary conditions.

Through the months of preparation, the local papers kept printing disquieting news of the long-playing hassle between the touring pros and the PGA officers. The PGA championship, it should be noted, has traditionally been the championship for PGA members, some 4,600 of whom are those leathery, put-upon characters who spend the year on the practice tee at Babbling Brae trying to inject a little rhythm into the golf strokes of the lame, the halt and the blind. Only a few more than 100 of them

continued

Looking like the inventor of a weird new putting technique, January uses body English as he tries to coax ball into the cup.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR



belong to the glamorous white-shoe brigade of the regular tournament circuit. The way it usually works out, approximately 60%, of the starters in the PGA come from the ranks of the club pros, most of whom are there only for the thrill of testing their limited skills against those of their more celebrated brethren. Without the latter, the tournament would be about as exciting as Ladies' Day on Tuesday.

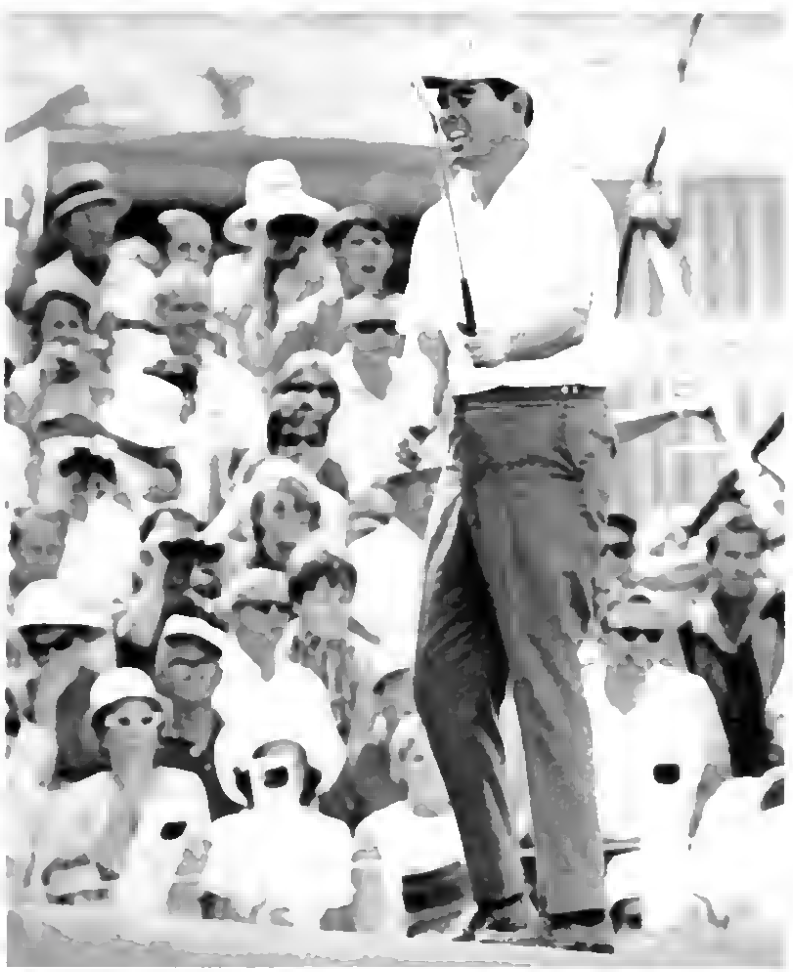
Ever since the Masters last April, the playing pros have been threatening to boycott this year's PGA unless some internecine procedural problems were ironed out with PGA officials. The incipient revolt has blown hot and cold through the intervening months, but the various truce arrangements had about the same stability as that other truce along the 38th parallel in Korea. At one point when it seemed that the dispute was beyond solution, PGA President Max Elbin, himself a club pro from Burning Tree in Bethesda, Md., began phoning various aging PGA champions of the past, urging them to show up at Columbine for what would have been little more than an oldtimers' day of golf. Meantime the determinedly optimistic Denverites, who had already invested $250,000 on their course and tournament promotion, wondered nervously about the nearly $600,000 they had counted on in ticket sales and program advertising. Then, during the first week of July, the playing pros convened at Indianapolis and voted to appear at Columbine despite the unsettled state of their quarrel.

Snakebit Open was not yet in the clear, however. Just as word was received that the tournament was on and that the Palmers and Nicklauses and Caspers would be present as promised, a giant hail storm struck Denver. It pelted Columbine with hailstones widely described as being "the size of golf balls," pitting the greens and leaving a major repair job for Course Superintendent Ken Voorhies and his harassed ground crew. Thanks in part to some of the rainiest weather Denver has seen in years, the grass responded, and the greens became playable if not carpet-like by the time the pros arrived to start their practice rounds.

All that was left, then, to frazzle the nerves and curdle two years of work was the weather. For reasons of tradition, as Elbin explained last week, the PGA feels it is essential to conduct its championship in midsummer, generally in some steamy middle-western heat bowl where a soufflé would rise in seconds. For years PGA sufferers have been suggesting that the tournament would have more comfort and a great deal more character if it were played in the autumn as a climax to the tournament season. "This should be a fall tournament," Jack Nicklaus argued one day at Columbine after stepping out of the air-cooled locker room into oven temperature. "Something to wind up the tournament year. Then it would have some meaning. Until they do that, it is just another stop on the summer tour."

The daily 90° temperatures and the hot mountain sun glaring out of a cloudless sky set the mood of the tournament. On Friday, Dan Sikes, who was in the midst of his second fine sub-par round and tied for second place at the time, nearly collapsed on the 13th hole. He rallied for a par on that hole, a birdie on the next and another birdie 3 on the 17th for an excellent 70, but he was too weak at the end to endure the customary press conference that is part of the ritual of the leading scorers. In the same pairing, defending champion Al Geiberger, who normally sustains his skinny frame with the peanut-butter sandwiches he totes in his golf bag, almost toppled over while teeing up his ball at the 17th hole. When he finally did straighten up, he was too limp to get his hands through the shot and drove the ball out of bounds for a two-stroke penalty.

Jack Nicklaus, who had started the day in second place only a stroke behind Dave Hill's course record of 66 on opening day, stumbled to a 75. "This is the toughest time I've ever had adjusting to the time change," Jack complained, referring to the fact that he had just flown back from England after an unsuccessful



Massengale, who came from nowhere on Sunday to tie for the lead, winces as a putt misses.

defense of his British Open title. "Then there is the altitude and the heat. I don't have any zip, and I've never slept worse in my life."

It was the golf course that suffered most from the weather. On Thursday morning when play started, the greens and fairways were still relatively soft, but by Friday the course was like a superhighway. Drives bounded through the fairways into the rough and approach shots sprang like crickets off the unyielding greens. Wise old hands like Palmer, who managed to stay in contention by adding a 71 to his opening 70, abandoned their drivers on many tees in favor of spoons and irons.

Even so, Tommy Aaron, who teed off early, shaved another stroke off the course record with a 65, including an astonishing streak of eight 3s in nine holes. That gave Aaron, who has often led but never won a pro tournament, an impressive four-stroke lead. After him came Hill, Sikes and a young club pro named Don Bies. Palmer was fifth and a stroke behind him was Nicklaus, two sharks waiting for the fish to fall back. There was no particular reason to notice Don January, who was tied for eighth, and no reason whatsoever to know that Don Massengale was even on the golf course.

On Saturday Aaron turned an incipient runaway into a traffic jam, rejoining the pack with a shaky 76. Aaron's troubles began as he started the back nine with his lead relatively intact. On the 10th hole, a 199-yard par-3 over water, he hit his tee shot far off line, recovered poorly and wound up with a double bogey 5. He had another bogey on the 14th and finished the back nine in 39. Playing with him, Dan Sikes shot a steady 70, good enough for a two-stroke lead. It was a situation that Sikes, a lawyer who had led the touring pros' battle against the PGA, thoroughly enjoyed.

Palmer started birdie, birdie but had to struggle to finish with a 72 and a tie for fifth, four strokes behind Sikes. Thanks to a late surge of birdie putts from the great white putter that won him the Open at Baltusrol, Nicklaus managed a 69 that put him in a second-place tie with Aaron. There was still no reason to notice January, tied for fifth, or Massengale, tied for 11th.

It was Sunday that the galleries learned Don Massengale was very much in the tournament. A sturdy, 30-year-old Texan whose reputation was confined to his home town of Jackshoro until he won the 1966 Crosby, Massengale teed off almost an hour in front of the leaders. He made the turn in 33, then collected four more birdies on the back nine for a 66. That brought him in at 281—seven under par for the tournament—and it was up to everyone else to catch him.

Sikes was at the 13th green when he glanced at a nearby scoreboard and saw that his major threat was not Nicklaus, playing directly ahead of him and steadily, nor Aaron, playing with him and miserably, but Massengale, enjoying the cool of the clubhouse. Sikes was eight under at the moment, but he promptly three-putted from 50 feet and lost his lead. Shooting ragged golf from then on, Sikes bogeyed the 15th, rallied with a birdie at 16, but badly hooked a drive on the 17th and took another bogey when his second shot landed in a spectator's chair. That was one bogey too many.

Playing along with Nicklaus was Don January, but, of course, it was Nicklaus everyone at Columbine was watching. Jack barely missed an eagle at the 13th hole, but the tap-in birdie brought him within a stroke of the leaders. A bogey immediately afterward dropped him two strokes back, where he had been more or less mired throughout the afternoon. A final birdie at the 17th gave him a shot at a tie, but a longish putt for his birdie on the 18th missed by a couple of inches. So Jack shook his head, smiled politely and headed for the airport.

January was something else. This tall, freckled Texan, who has been ambling slowly over the fairways of pro golf for more than a decade looking more like a lean, incorruptible sheriff than an athlete, had started the day four strokes behind Sikes. His easy, flowing swing was keeping the ball on the fairways, and his putting was consistent, but that is the way Don has played for years. You never expect to see him raise a sweat either on himself or the gallery. But January suddenly hit a hot streak at the 14th hole, where TV viewers from Boston to Belfast saw him go birdie, birdie, par, birdie, par for a 68 that gained him a tie with Massengale.

So there they were, a couple of Joes or rather Dons—named January and Massengale, playing for one of the most treasured trophies in golf while all the famous Arnies and Jacks went home to wait for next year. Not a likely parlay for a playoff, maybe, but after a flood, a hailstorm and a feud, who could really expect anything but an improbable ending? **END**

Adding a touch of atmosphere, gun-toting spectator finds a way to beat the parking problem

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROY DE CARAVA

MALLETS ACROSS THE BLINKIN' SEA

As one tight little island met another at croquet, Britain's best played American rules and wound up with a tie on a weekend memorable for sartorial zip and top strokes

London's 5,000-member Hurlingham Club is 98 years old, and croquet has been played on its lush, level lawns for 55 of those years. The Westhampton Mallet Club of Long Island is seven years old and 24 members strong, and croquet has been played on its undulating, wiry crabgrass since the day its founder wrestled mallet and ball away from his six-year-old daughter.

Even so, four of Hurlingham's best players traveled to Long Island the other day for the second series of what may turn out to be the America's Cup of croquet, playing six matches in two days for a bowl called the Silver Trophy of International Croquet Competition. And great was native rejoicing when Westhampton played Hurlingham to a draw, for, in the inaugural meet last August, Hurlingham had cleaned out the Westhampton guests, taking six straight matches under British rules.

This time the rules were American, which meant nine wickets and two stakes rather than six "hoops" and one "peg," and at the end of the first match it looked as though Hurlingham was on its way to another sweep. Unperturbed by drenching showers, John Solomon, a 35-year-old tobacco importer and the croquet champion of England, obliterated Westhampton's No. 2

Long Island's Dave Seiniger (far left in cricket cap) and Britain's flanneled Douglas Strachan are highly skilled at a game far removed from the backyard. England's John Solomon (above), shouts a ball on its way, while barefoot American Bill Bohner studies a roquet shot

CONTINUED

man, movie-producer Henry White, leaving White with the wan smile of a good host whose guest has just won the deed to his house at a friendly game of poker.

As the skies cleared and the summer folk of Westhampton began to gather, Douglas Strachan, a long, lean Scot who is champion of Ireland and Hurlingham's No. 2 seed, took the second singles match, but on an adjoining court Westhampton's White and his doubles partner, Dave Seiniger, scored for the U.S., beating Solomon and Gerald Williams, a former Tory M.P. from Kent. That was a pleasant surprise for the Americans, and an even pleasanter one came minutes later when White and Seiniger spotted some croquet-playing neighbors from Southampton watching from the sideline.

Southampton has long been the local point of Long Island croquet. Its unofficial social leader is the Duke of Marlborough, an avid malletman who summers there. ("He wears a shirt that says duke on the back and lights up," says Seiniger.) So far Southampton, which plays English rules exclusively, has refused all Westhampton challenges on the ground that the American-style game is rather contemptible.

This attitude annoys Westhampton's Henry White, who says, "We've challenged and beaten every other club in the area, everybody but our friends down the road. Now that Hurlingham has come to play us, it looks like Southampton realizes we don't just do their laundry."

Southampton's representatives wanted to challenge the winners, English rules but Seiniger, with a cheerful malevolence, replied, "Wait a minute, buddy. You play *us*, *then* the winner plays Hurlingham. We've got the only crap game in this town, and it's American rules. Frontier style."

The second day's play began in a downpour, and among the spectators were two water sprites named Tommy and Johnny, who passed out purple flowers swiped from a garden next door. The players held umbrellas for each other and engaged in the interminable discussions of strategy that make up at least 50% of croquet. By the luncheon break, the Americans had won another game of doubles, and the score stood at 2-2. "It would have been impolite to be overwhelming," said Williams.

With at least a tie in sight the Westhamptonites returned in the afternoon in jubilant spirits, fully justified by a split in the final pair of doubles. So the matches ended in a glorious tie for Westhampton, an "honorable draw" for Hurlingham. Plans for next summer's meeting in London, where half the matches will be played under British rules, half under American, were begun, and elaborate compliments were elegantly delivered. Douglas Strachan stood up on a wooden chair and declared: "When Solomon first visited the court of the Queen of Sheba he said, 'Behold! The half was not told me.' Now a different Solomon, with his retainers, has visited you, and the half was not told us of your great kindness and hospitality."

SARAH PILEGGI

Rain-spattered summer people comprise part of a gallery that came by Rolls-Royce and station wagon to see big-time international croquet

A muffed American shot brings on a dour expression (above), but 5-year-old Tommy Pitofsky (below) has fun handing out flowers to fans on a very rainy day.

No 1 on the best-dressed list was Gerald Williams (right), Hurlingham's cigarette puffing No 3 player

HAVE A PIECE OF GEORGIE BOY

That's what Chuvalo's manager is offering and that's what Joe Frazier took—a big piece. Hopefully, the tough Canadian will now forget his pride in never having been knocked down and stop being a punching bag **by MARK KRAM**

He could always count on the face. It never betrayed him, this big sprawling face that so many had had a good go at over 12 years. Ali had to bury his hands in ice after he was through with it, but still the target was only bruised. Floyd Patterson, with his slashing hand speed, never could open it up, and Floyd's body was drained near the end from punching. The face, with heavy bones, a massive jaw and a nose that tells you what he has been doing for too many years, was all he ever had.

Last week in Madison Square Garden the face came apart on George Chuvalo, splitting like a cantaloupe that has been too long in the sun. Joe Frazier of Philadelphia did the splitting, quickly but untidily. He dug in and took Chuvalo apart piece by piece, and what was left of the Croatian-Canadian was now stretched out on his dressing-room table. His arms hung limply to the sides and his chest heaved as a doctor slowly and gently sponged away the blood below his right eye. The cut was shaped like a scimitar and it went to the bone (later it was discovered that the bone was broken, requiring surgery), and the eye, seemingly ready to burst, was just a slit. There was another cut on the outside of his left eye, and a gash on the top of his scalp. He would not be the last of the great catchers anymore.

"He didn't take all that much punishment," said Irv Ungerman, his manager. "He didn't get hurt that much."

"What the hell ya call this?" mumbled Chuvalo. "This ain't no punishment?"

"Are you going to retire?" Chuvalo was asked.

"No, Georgie's gonna be around a long time," said Ungerman, who did not get hit all night. "Every kid on the way up is gonna want a piece of Georgie boy. He'll be a great opponent for 'em, a great and rich trial horse."

"Don't say that," said Chuvalo. "Please don't say that. I'm no trial horse. I'll never be a trial horse for anyone."

Surely, in his own mind, Chuvalo will never be just an opponent, just an impressive name to add to the record of some crude kid with an empty belly, but he was nothing more than that for Joe Frazier, an uncomplicated fighter with the proper God and proper thoughts, a new black hope of the Establishment that embraced Joe Louis and now vilifies Muhammad Ali. Chuvalo, relatively harmless and immobile, was designed for Frazier.

Still, Frazier and his manager, Yancey Durham, knew that they would have to do much more than club George across the distance. Frazier had to disassemble Chuvalo—who cannot be taken out with a machine gun—as no one had ever come close to doing before in 62 fights. A spectacular victory before New York critics would strengthen his already important position in the heavyweight division. "Frazier is going to step out tonight," said Durham. "He's going to do something for the first time. He's going to stop Chuvalo."

Frazier did step out all right—right into a corner, it appears. When Ali was removed from the picture, Frazier smartly refused to participate in any sort of elimination tournament. Frazier, or rather Durham and the syndicate behind Joe, knew that he was the key figure in the division and whoever won the tournament would have to deal with him. It is all working out quite nicely for Frazier, except for one problem. Who is Frazier going to fight in the interim? All of the contenders are in the tournament, and there are only a few names left—like Sonny Liston and Zora Folley. It seems unlikely he would risk his position against this pair, and so he is left with the obscure fighters he fattened up on early in his career. If he does revert to this caliber of opposition, there is the possibility that his development could be arrested and, despite his heavy-handed surgery on Chuvalo and his remarkable improvement, Frazier needs polish and plenty of action.

"Joe Frazier is still a kid as far as boxing's concerned," said Durham. "He has a lot of work ahead of him." Coming from Durham, this smacks of the dullest kind of sophistry, but the implication is sound. Certainly Frazier has

continued

Battered, bloody Chuvalo throws a slow shot-put punch that is easily evaded by Frazier.

corrected glaring deficiencies. He no longer moves in on a straight line, his jab has been honed beautifully and he has learned how to set an opponent up for his big punches instead of trying to beat him into submission. But for all his progress, all the fierce joy he exudes in the ring, Frazier does indeed have "a lot of work ahead of him." For one thing, you can see his left hook coming from across town, and he is often off balance when he throws his punches. Defensively, he accepts punishment needlessly, but more dangerous is his bad habit of ducking under a punch and then lifting his head up like a man craning his neck to see over a fence. He is, even without this flaw, an easy shot for a headhunter.

Chuvalo, unfortunately, has never been able to punch to the head effectively; his blows resemble the action of a shotputter. His most striking skill has always been his relentless body attack, but against Frazier he hardly worked the body. The fight was supposed to be a war, but it never had time to develop. By the second round, Chuvalo's face was smeared with blood as hook after hook hanged into the right side of his rocklike head. Between the second and third rounds, the face turned purple. The third was Chuvalo's best round, but still he did not win it. He had Frazier cornered on the ropes, pinioned by punches, but then he slowed up and let Joe spin out of danger. This inability to retain an advantage was not new. Chuvalo, for some inexplicable reason, never throws more than three punches at a time.

Chuvalo's right eye was closed when he came out for the fourth and, as he said later, he was dizzy. Two heavy hooks by Frazier ended the fight after 16 seconds, Chuvalo turning his back on Frazier and groping for his corner. A blood vessel leading to his eyelid had erupted. "I thought my eyeball had been knocked out," said Chuvalo.

The next night Chuvalo sat in a dark hotel room on Eighth Avenue and watched a rerun of the slaughter on TV. The film flickered and the images became so distorted that Frazier seemed to be hitting him with four hands. Chuvalo stared vacantly at the picture out of his left eye. "That's the way it felt," said George. "Four hands." He turned off the set, and the room was lightless, the shadows of cars riding around the walls.

"It's painful," said Chuvalo. "Very painful to see all the chances I missed. He looks easy to hit, but he isn't easy. Everything moves, his head, shoulders, his body and his legs, and meanwhile he keeps punching and putting pressure. He fights six minutes every round. He doesn't let you live. Whoever gets him from here on will catch hell."

He walked to the window and looked out across the street at the Garden. "If I'd made it last night," he said. "If I could have only made it . . ."

"I'm all for George," said his wife, "but I wish he'd get a factory job, you know. He has paid so much as a fighter. I don't want him to be a punching bag."

Chuvalo, quite likely, will never adhere to his wife's wishes until his face and body can no longer handle the pain. He wants the money, but even more important he is chased by the reputation that he is a loser, a guy who, if he stacked the deck, would deal everybody a winning hand but himself. No one considers the fact that he has been a first-rate man and has moved with dignity and valor through a business saturated with mendacity. He could have become much more than he is now, but somewhere along the way he got caught between his desire to be a smooth performer and his pride in his ability to take a punch. He has never been knocked down in any of his fights and, consciously or unconsciously, he has sought to preserve that record.

"It's such a negative thing," said Chuvalo. "So I've never been knocked out. So what? Often it makes me feel I'm nothing but an oversized punching bag. It's not an accomplishment. It's just a physical quirk. There are times when I'm pleased, like after the Clay fight when they said Clay knocked out everybody but George Chuvalo. Right now, I'm certain Frazier can't knock me down. I refuse to admit it could happen to me. I remember in the Bonavena fight I lost my balance and skidded back. I heard the crowd drawing in their breath in anticipation. Then it raced through my mind that if I stumbled back and went down, my record would be gone. I thought—I'm not going down, I won't let it happen. And it didn't. It's just one of those things. It's a funny pride, and it grew without my realizing it."

Chuvalo's confused psyche has, without doubt, been an obstacle in his career, but the immediate problem before the fight with Frazier was his training camp. Frazier's camp was tranquil and organized, but Chuvalo trained amid chaos. He needed direction and confidence, but instead he had two trainers, one for each ear. Toothless Ted McWhorter, who began with George when he fought in clubs long ago boarded up, advised Chuvalo to let Frazier wear himself out. Freddy Brown, a morose little man who barked commands as if he were training a dog act, succeeded only in angering the fighter. Nobody has to prod George to work, if anything, he is inclined to work until exhausted. But Brown goaded him. He also told him when to go to bed and how to relax and finally began a three-man debate on whether George should eat steak or have the fish he preferred for his prefight meal. "I just couldn't relax around him," said George, who threatened to leave camp four days before the fight.

Nevertheless, Chuvalo, an 11-to-5 underdog, went into the Frazier fight as the best bet of the year to many observers. Angelo Dundee, Ali's trainer, was one of them. "It's embarrassing," Dundee said later. "I should have seen the signs. Frazier has star quality, and he's going to be tough to handle."

More than just a few disagreed with this observation. Chuvalo, of course, was berated. Tiresome comparisons were made of Frazier and Muhammad Ali, and no one remembered that it was only a few years ago that Ali was dismissed as a loudmouth dancer with fast hands, quick feet, a had chin and a soft punch. Frazier preferred to talk about what he had done to Chuvalo.

"Can I duck?" he shouted to reporters. "Hey, and what about my defenses!"

"What about Ali?" somebody asked.

"All I can say," said Frazier, "is when Ali is ready, I'll be here."

While Frazier was talking, Chuvalo was still on his back in his dressing room. It was some time before he left, and then he did not go to bed. He walked the streets of the city until the blue light of the morning fell on his face. Going by one store window filled with staring toy figures, he stopped and saw his reflected face hanging above the clowns and soldiers with keys in their backs, and one hoped that he could also hear the words: "No, Georgie's gonna be around a long time. Every kid on the way up is gonna want a piece of Georgie Boy." **END**

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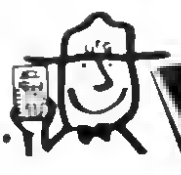

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE DAVIDSON

Sesame Trout and Sourdough

In the old days the much-advertised merits of outdoor cooking owed at least as much to the sharp, crisp air and hard riding as they did to what actually wound up on the tin plates. And the food certainly was not what brought the summer dudes into the camps of the professional pack trippers—not more than once, anyway. But the burnt beans, bitter biscuits and blackstrap are receding further and further into the past. Today the meals on a pack trip are an interesting combination of the old and the new, of living off the land and the water (where wildlife regulations permit) and making sensible use of weightless freeze-dried products to replace bulky sacks of potatoes and carrots.

One of the best outfitters in the country, Faler's Hunting-Fishing Camp of Pinedale, Wyo., packs its guests into the Wind River Range and the unspoiled Bridger Wilderness. Pack and guide services in Wyoming must be licensed, and the Falers, who began at the turn of the century, have one of the oldest licenses in the state. The present resident Faler is Mary, a spry, Indian-looking woman of 74. She and her son Pat organize pack trips the year round, and parties will leave every day in August for stays of as long as two weeks. Mary Faler does much of the base-camp packing herself, and will provide almost any kind of food except for items which are highly perishable—together with a cook whose beans don't rattle in the pot.

Wilderness appetites are sharp, and the Falers stock up generously. After the steak dinners of the first two days, there are trout from the lakes, canned ham and bacon, smoked tongue and stews. There are fringe benefits like fresh-baked pies and cakes, and the beverages supplied range from milk to bourbon. The Falers make venison jerky for those who want to eat in the pioneer tradition, and a sourdough starter, used for biscuits and breakfast pancakes, goes along on every pack trip.

People come from all over the country to explore the Wyoming trails and, impressed by the beauty of the country and the comfortable efficiency of their packs, they keep coming back to Faler's Camp. The girl on the opposite page, carefully sprinkling sesame seeds on golden and rainbow trout ready to be cooked on an open fire, is 17-year-old Nancy Severson, who comes each year with her parents from Denver. The rest of the day's catch, keeping cool in the rapids, will be turned into a trout chowder, flavored with freeze-dried vegetables that in their original state would have loaded down a couple of mules. Also on the bill of fare is a batch of sourdough biscuits, made from Mary Faler's traditional recipe and baked in a reflector oven. For campsite recipes see page 35.

Nancy Severson prepares trout for cooking over an open fire: the golden is filleted, the rainbows oiled to prevent sticking

CONTINUED

At sunset on the banks of Island Lake, 10,650 feet high

in the Bridger wilderness, cook George Dowling begins preparation of trout chowder made with fresh-caught goldens and rainbows.

SERIES
1912
Imaged
"Johnnie Walker"
Black Label
At $9.40* a fifth, it ought to be called Sir Jonathan Walker Black.

Living It Up in the Bridger Wilderness

Mary Faler's starter, the vital ingredient of sourdough biscuits and pancakes, is one of the traditional recipes of the pioneer West. Sourdough pancakes, hard to come by these days, were a mainstay of the country 100 years ago, and biscuits, rare in the rest of the world, have always been an indispensable part of American cookery. A sourdough starter is as well adapted to modern pack-trip cooking as it was to the covered wagon. When some of it is used up, more flour, water and sugar are added to the original mixture and it will keep on souring indefinitely. Mary Faler's own recipe for sourdough starter can be made for use at home. It should be stored in the refrigerator and used at least once a week. The starter can also be frozen.

SOURDOUGH STARTER

½ pound potatoes
1 teaspoon sugar
1 package dry yeast
2 cups unsifted flour (approximate)

Cook potatoes in 3 cups water, reserve 2 cups of the water. Mash potatoes and add ⅓ cup potato to the lukewarm potato water. Then add sugar, yeast and enough flour to make a "sponge." Cover and put in a warm place to work.

On the following morning pour off what is needed for pancake batter and leave the rest of the sponge as starter to be used later.

SOURDOUGH PANCAKES

2 cups starter
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon lukewarm water
2 eggs

Add other ingredients to starter and beat into a batter. Let the batter sit half an hour or longer. Ladle onto a very hot griddle or flapjack pan and cook like any other pancake. Stack cakes and serve with honey.

SOURDOUGH BISCUITS

½ cup starter
1 cup milk
2½ cups unsifted flour
¾ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
About ½ teaspoon baking soda
Bacon grease or vegetable oil and butter

Mix starter, milk and 1 cup flour in a large mixing bowl the evening before if biscuits are for breakfast, in the morning if they are for dinner. Cover bowl and let the dough rise in a warm place.

Turn this very soft dough out onto 1 cup flour on a board. Combine salt, sugar, baking powder and soda with remaining ½ cup flour and sift over the top. Work dry ingredients into the dough, kneading lightly and for a short time only. Roll out half an inch thick. Cut out biscuits and dip each one in bacon grease or mixture of oil and butter.

Place biscuits close together in a 9-inch-square pan. Cover with foil and put in a warm place to rise about half an hour. Bake at 375° for 25 minutes. Serve immediately.

SESAME TROUT

Gut trout. Leave small fish whole, fillet large ones. Pat dry. Salt and pepper inside and out, and dip fish in vegetable oil and sprinkle with sesame seeds. Grill over gray coals in a basket rack 7 minutes on one side, 5 minutes on the other. Naturally, timing depends on size and thickness of trout, and these times apply to small fish weighing about half a pound each. For a thicker coating, take trout from fire and sprinkle again with sesame seeds. Grill for 2 more minutes on each side, until seeds are golden brown.

TROUT CHOWDER

3 pounds trout, cut in chunks
3 cups water
3 cups reconstituted freeze-dried potato cubes
1 cup onion flakes
1 tablespoon vegetable flakes (optional)
3 cups evaporated milk or reconstituted powdered milk
Salt, pepper
4–6 tablespoons butter

Simmer trout for at least 15 minutes in boiling salted water in a covered pot, remembering that high-altitude cooking is slower. Drain fish, reserving broth. Boil potatoes and onion and vegetable flakes in broth until tender. This takes about 10 minutes at sea level, 20 minutes at high altitude. Skin and bone fish. Add to broth. Season with salt and pepper, reheat, and just before serving swirl in the butter. Evaporated milk makes a creamier chowder, so less butter is needed than for a chowder made with powdered milk. Canned butter can be found in some specialty stores and department stores.

—Pamela Knight

PART 3: QUARTERBACK ON THE RUN

DEAR NORM: I CANNOT RETURN

Tarkenton masters his art, and the Vikings at last seem championship bound. Then Fran and Coach Norm Van Brocklin drift apart and leave the team on successive days ***by FRAN TARKENTON with JACK OLSEN***

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK MULLINS

In some ways a pro quarterback's second year is the hardest. He has picked up a little learning, just enough to place himself in mortal peril. He hasn't matured yet—and he won't for two or three more years—but he goes around saying to himself, "Oh, boy, I've got it! I'm a veteran!" So he goes out there on the field with his head held high and his shoulders squared and gets knocked on his backside, and his team loses 47–7.

Let's not beat around the bush: we had a lousy second year at Minnesota, the worst year in the team's history, and I've got to take the blame. I'm not trying to beat my breast and say *mea culpa* and oh what a poor old martyr am I. Not at all. *Every* pro football player takes defeat very hard, and I'm no exception. *Every* pro football player can look back on each loss and see where there was some little thing he could have done that might have changed the direction of the whole game.

This is especially true of quarterbacks and especially true of me. I can show you the game film of every loss in the Minnesota Vikings' history and point out key mistakes I made. And if you don't thoroughly understand the nature of the pro

continued

game, you're likely to sit there and watch the films and say, "Yeah, but look at the mistakes the other guys on your team made. Look how many points your defensive team let in!" And my answer to that may sound corny, but it is nevertheless true: that pro football is a team game in every respect, and when one part of the team is having a bad day the other part of the team is supposed to step in and pick them up. If the defensive team allows 50 points, my job is to get 51. I know the defensive players feel the same way about their job. If I can't put more than seven points on the scoreboard for our team, then it's their job to hold the other team to six. From a strictly objective, dispassionate point of view, there might be holes in this logic; but football isn't played from a strictly objective, dispassionate point of view. It is a highly emotional affair, and every player feels personally guilty about every loss.

Viewed entirely from my spot at quarterback, I had to feel like the world's biggest failure in that 1962 season. I'd spent the whole off season reading all the gaudy newspaper stuff about me, and I was too young to put this in perspective, and I became convinced that we were going to wreck the rest of the league in our second season in existence. Then we went out and won a grand total of two games —that's right, two games! —and tied one and lost 11. Our offense wasn't completely inept—we lost games like 39–31 to the Steelers and 31–30 to the Bears in successive weeks—but some of the figures can be deceptive. For example, although I completed less than 50% of my passes (49.5%) for the first and only time in my career, which looks bad, I did throw 22 touchdown passes, which looks good, till you realize that many of these were desperation passes thrown when we were out of the ball game. A desperate team is going to score home runs, but not much else.

In some ways, becoming a mature pro quarterback is like joining a fraternity —there's a certain amount of hazing you just have to go through. Mine started in that miserable second year. I remember one game when I was having a bad day and the fans began to ride me. First there was this low undercurrent of boos, and then, for the first time in my pro career, I began to hear things like, "Get him out of there!" and, "We want McCormick! We want McCormick!" (John McCormick was the backup quarterback; George Shaw hadn't made the team that year). So pretty soon Van Brocklin took me out, and I don't blame him. He put in McCormick, not in response to the crowd but in response to the fact that I was playing like Edna St. Vincent Millay out there.

That's a lonesome walk to the sidelines, especially when thousands of people are cheering your replacement. It was the first time I'd ever been taken out of a pro game solely because of incompetence, and I wanted to find a place to hide. As I got to the sidelines, old Hugh McElhenny came out and put his arm around me in front of everybody. "Well, kid," he said, "you've arrived! You're now an NFL quarterback. They've booed you and you've been replaced. Welcome to the club!"

That was the first time I was ever booed with any degree of unanimity, but later on it happened plenty of times, and I just had to learn to let it bounce right off me, to keep reminding myself that every quarterback gets booed. I've heard Unitas booed, Bill Wade, John Brodie, Charley Johnson. We're all booed, sometimes even when we deserve it. This is part of the life of a quarterback. And don't kid yourself: you hear it! Those cool characters who go around saying they don't hear the booing or the cheering are trying to kid somebody, maybe themselves. You hear boos and you hear cheers. There's nothing that animates me like a live crowd, a very enthusiastic crowd. The whole place is alive, full of electricity, and you feel that force coming down out of the stands and enveloping you. For the most part, the fans up at Minnesota were on the restrained side. They're wonderful fans, wonderful people, but they didn't generate the electricity that crackles around you in stadiums like Dallas, Baltimore, New York, Atlanta, Green Bay and a few other places.

A quarterback can feel this current, even when it's going against him, and he's got to understand it and put it to his own good use. He can't be oversensitive. He's got to realize that everybody in those stands is a quarterback. There are no middle linebackers in attendance, no flankers. They're all quarterbacks, even the old ladies. I'm the same way myself. When I'm watching a football game I'm the superquarterback in the sky.

But in 1962 I was only 22 years old, a fresh kid from Athens, Ga., and I didn't fully understand why all the fans didn't love me and my work. I had to have some sense knocked into me. In fact, in the last game of that worst-ever season I had a lot of sense knocked into me. I was skipping down the sidelines past several pursuing Baltimore Colts when suddenly I was all alone in a dark room, naked and afraid and looking for the light switch. Wendell Harris, a 190-pound defensive back who'll be my teammate at New York this season, had given me the old clothesline and knocked me out. It's a funny thing: I have been knocked out twice in my career, and both times it was by one of those defensive backs, the only guys in the pro game who are smaller than I am. The other one was Dave Whitsell of the Bears, and he nailed me in 1963, the Bears' championship year, when they were rolling over everybody in sight. On the third play of the game I tucked the ball under my arm and took off on a run, and while I was looking sideways at several other players Whitsell clotheslined me at full speed, and I mean I was really out! They carried me off the field, and I came to by slow stages. In the first stage, I sat up and took a place on the bench, even though I was still unconscious. In the second stage, I conversed with my teammates, and to this day I don't remember a word I said. I didn't actually come to until there were only four minutes left in the first half. It was like waking up from a dream, feeling myself sitting on the bench, hearing myself talking to my buddies, and not even knowing where I was. President Kennedy had been assassinated the week before, and that was the first thing that hit my mind as I groped my way out of the fog. I needed some fixed point, something to relate to, so I ran over to the team doctor, Dr. Don Lannin, and I said, "Didn't the President get killed? Didn't the President get killed?" I hoped he'd say no, and then I'd know I was in a dream and when I woke up President Kennedy would still be alive. But he said "Yes, he did, Fran," and then I realized where I was and who I was.

In that third year of the new franchise we won five games and we did a lot of things better, but I was still immature. It wasn't till the next year that I felt that I was beginning to be a genuine, bona fide professional quarterback, able to react properly to the pressures of the game. That's the dominating factor about pro

football, the pressure, and you can't stay around if you can't handle it.

Even when we lost at Minnesota I felt we were learning something. I felt we were headed slowly but surely for the divisional championship; improving with each game, making fewer mistakes, learning our jobs. And the 1964 season seemed to bear me out. Baltimore won the Western Division championship that year, and one of the two games they lost all season was to the Vikings. It was the season opener, a classical football game that made me realize what potential we had on our team. We finished the season with eight wins, one tie and five losses, tied with Green Bay for second place in the division, and five Minnesota offensive players were selected for the Pro Bowl: Center Mick Tingelhoff, Tackle Grady Alderman and Backs Bill Brown, Tommy Mason and me.

So the stage was set for 1965, our fifth year in the league, and for the first time people began to pick us for the division title. Around Minnesota there was no doubt about it: the Vikings were a cinch to win. So what happened? Well, in simple English, we blew it, that's all. We started the season like a horde of Mongols and we finished the season like the Ladies' Auxiliary of the West Augusta Gladiola Club.

Our exhibition season consisted of five games and five wins. In the next-to-last game of the preseason schedule we creamed Dallas 57–17, and if you think that Dallas was any lily of the valley that year, just remember that this same team won a division title the next season and played the Packers a whale of a game for the NFL championship.

En route to Baltimore for the opener, it was just as though we were on the way to the championship game. We were all geared up, high as hooty owls. Phil King said to me that he'd never seen a football team as ready as we were, and he'd never felt a pressure, an intensity, like this, even in his days on the championship teams at New York. We hit the field like the 3rd Division coming ashore at Anzio. The temperature was 94°, the hottest September 19 in Baltimore in 70 years, and with Baltimore's waterfront humidity it felt like 124° out there, but we didn't care. We had been practicing all summer in cool weather in Bemidji, Minn., but we were so ready that we didn't figure anything could stop us, least of all the weatherman. Baltimore had been working out all week in this heat, so they were somewhat accustomed to it.

The first time the Colts got the ball, our defense intercepted a Unitas pass. Our offensive team was out on the field like a bunch of Olympic sprinters, and on the first play I hit Hal Bedsole for a touchdown. It was 7-zip, and the late arrivals were still coming into the stadium! I told you we were ready!

And then it reached us. The first quarter wasn't even over when I was sitting on the bench between Bill Brown and Tommy Mason and I noticed that both of them were gulping for air as though they had just picked an acre of cotton. Out on the field our left guard almost passed out and had to be yanked. And I had done less physical exertion than anybody and I'm from Georgia and presumably accustomed to heat, and I was so exhausted I could hardly make it back onto the field. And we've still got three quarters to play!

Well, we had a lousy day, especially me, and we lost 35–16. I'm not saying that the Baltimore players didn't do a great job against us, because they did, and they deserved to win. But I *am* suggesting that they were a little better adjusted to that heat than we were, just as we were usually a little better adjusted to extreme cold when we played home games against other ball clubs. Over the long pull, weather advantages tend to even out, but that didn't alter the fact that we had gone into Baltimore loaded for bear and had blown the opener in what was supposed to be the start of our big run at the title. I can't describe the psychological effect of that loss. But the second week was even worse, because this time we had no weather problem to blame, we had only ourselves.

We were ahead of the Detroit Lions 29–24 with 30 seconds to go in that second game, and they're on the 48-yard line. Milt Plum, who is anything but a bigserambler, goes back to throw, breaks out of the pocket, dances around and finally lofts a long desperation pass in the general direction of Amos Marsh, who catches the ball over his shoulder 48 yards away and squarely between two defenders. He's never caught a ball like that before in his life, and with 20 seconds left on the clock we're dead. The team that was going to blow everybody down has gone 0 for 2!

In many ways, I think that the Minnesota Vikings' finest hour came in the weeks after we lost those two games. A lesser group of men than my teammates would have folded. But we went out to Los Angeles to play in 95° heat, and this time we arrived five days before the game instead of the day before, and we won on a long drive in the last two minutes 38–35.

We won the next game, and then we got hit with another one of those key plays that can turn a season all around. Every contending ball club can look back on three or four catastrophic plays every year; the great teams go on and win anyway, the others never fully recover. We were playing the Chicago Bears, and we had gone ahead by six points after a long, sustained march against the clock. Now there were two and a half minutes left to play. Fred Cox kicked off to Gale Sayers, and all Sayers did was run it back 96 yards for a touchdown. You can imagine the scene in our locker room. All that was lacking was Chopin's *Funeral March*!

And yet our players didn't fold. We went out and beat San Francisco and Cleveland, the 1964 champs, one of three games the Browns lost all year, then beat Los Angeles, and we were right back in contention with a 5–3 record when we came up against the Baltimore Colts for the second time. Just before the game, we found out how the breaks can even up. The very same Baltimore team that had beaten us in the heartbreaking opener was now going to have to play us without their first-string quarterback, John Unitas. Gary Cuozzo was filling in for the injured Unitas, and everybody knows that back-up quarterbacks aren't supposed to win in the NFL. We went out and scored first, and it began to look like a good day. But Baltimore kicked a field goal and then Cuozzo hits Jimmy Orr from 43 yards out and Baltimore scores, and the half ends with us behind 10–7. We've outplayed them 16 first downs to three, and we are behind!

The great play of that ball game, another one of those key plays you look back on, came in the second half, and the man who made the call ought to be handed a lifetime appointment to The Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. Both teams had scored, and it was one of those alternating propositions where no club gets very far ahead of the other and everybody begins to sense that the

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stronger team is going to pull it out by sheer endurance in the last quarter. Naturally, we hoped that was going to be us: the Colts and their alternate quarterback couldn't keep up such a sensational pace for the whole ball game. So now the Colts score and go ahead of us 24–14, but there's still plenty of time for us to come back. Our offensive team jumps up, ready for the kickoff after the Colts' extra point, and instead Baltimore makes an onside kick, recovers it, and scores again! For my money, that kick was the play of the year. Who in the world kicks onside with a 24–14 lead?

Baltimore's strategic geniuses had assessed the situation beautifully. They knew we had a tough offense, and they knew we were ready to roll. Their 10-point lead looked anything but safe. But if they could keep the ball away from our offense, their 10-point lead looked good. And if they could score again. . . . It was brilliant, and now the game was out of reach. Cuozzo wound up throwing five scoring passes, and we wound up out of contention for the divisional title. I can tell you: none of us felt good about losing the rematch to the Colts. That night we were all in a state of depression, really down. But on the other hand we weren't quite prepared for the jolt we got the next day, either.

I was sitting in a friend's office in Minneapolis on Monday when somebody came running in all out of breath and told us that Van Brocklin had quit. The coach had announced that he had brought the Vikings as far as he could bring them, that there were compelling personal reasons for his resignation, including the fact that he wanted to spend more time with his family, and that he was through as of now. I was shocked! At lunch I got a call to go out to the home of Jim Finks, the team's general manager. Rip Hawkins, our defensive captain, rode out with me. That was a pretty grim group that waited for us at Jim's house. There were Jim and two directors of the club, Max Winter and Bernie Ridder, and all of them wanted Rip and me to talk Norm out of quitting. I said, "As far as I'm concerned, I can't do it. Norm has said very clearly that he has thought it all out and made his decision for very good, personal reasons. I can't be selfish and go out there and tell him to override all his personal reasons and come back to the football team." Rip said he felt the same, and we both were pretty sure we were expressing the sentiments of the squad.

So that's where the matter stood till Tuesday morning, when we were scheduled to have our regular team meeting. To our great surprise, Norm showed up, expressed his apologies and told us he was resuming his post as coach. After the meeting we were a pretty confused bunch of football players. We went out and practiced, but we looked like the B team of the Jones Junior High in Toledo. We had a *terrible* week of practice, the worst ever. Then we had a team meeting, just Rip and me and the other players, and I said, "Look, regardless of what you may be thinking, this is *our* football team. It's what *we* make of it. And if we go out and play poorly on Sunday it's not gonna reflect on anybody but us." Well, we went out and lost big on Sunday.

I tell you, that whole situation was awkward for everybody. It was tough on Norm and tough on us and tough on the fans and tough on the owners. Morale was just plain shot. We lost four straight games and finished the season on a very confused note with a record of 7-7. In our big year, the year we were supposed to win everything, we wound up fifth, a derelict of a football team.

It would be nice to say that we came roaring back in 1966 and had a great year, a year that made us forget the miseries of the season before. But the new season was even worse than the old. Oh, we had our moments, but they were widely spaced. We beat Green Bay once and surprised everybody, but certain other teams beat us and surprised everybody, too. And as the season wore on, I began to feel a great personal disenchantment. One by one, I was accumulating a full set of compelling, personal reasons of my own for leaving the team. And finally, toward the end of the season, I decided that this would be my last year at Minnesota. It had become completely clear that my departure would be in the best interests of my teammates and myself.

I began planning how to tell Norm without causing any hard feelings, because I hate scenes and I hate hard feelings. I had more or less decided on going to his office, telling him how grateful I was for all he had taught me and how there was nothing personal about it but I just couldn't see my way clear to returning for the 1967 season. I was polishing the rough edges off my farewell speech when somebody told me that Van Brocklin wanted to see me in his office right away. It was the Tuesday after the Atlanta game, in the closing weeks of the season, and I hurried over. Norm looked upset, and I couldn't blame him; we were all living from one upset to another in those days. But I never expected what followed. "Francis," he said, "I'm quitting."

"You're quitting?" I said.

"I'm leaving this football team," he said.

I asked him if he was sure. He said he was, that he had already notified the front office of his decision.

"Well," I said, "I wish you all the luck in the world, Norm, and I won't tell anybody else till you make the announcement." I groped around for what to say, the last thing I had expected was a Van Brocklin resignation. "Norm," I said finally, "it's a funny thing. I thought I was coming over here to tell you that I wasn't coming back."

He said, "No, Francis, you're the one who should be coming back. You're the life and heart of this team. You should stay, and with a few changes here and there you can win a championship with this team."

I really had to admire Norm at that second. We had had our differences—we're both strong personalities, both stubborn cases in our own ways—and that was all the more reason for me to appreciate what he was saying. I knew it would have been a lot easier for him to hold back those words of praise.

I went out and had a quiet lunch with some friends and said nothing about Van Brocklin's decision, and that afternoon there was another message for me to go to Norm's office. I hurried over to find him pacing the floor, excited and charged up with energy. "Francis," he said when I walked in, "I really think I can still be a championship coach and you can still be a championship quarterback, the two of us, working together."

I didn't say a word, once again he had taken me by complete surprise.

"I know that we kind of drifted apart this season," Norm went on, "and some of it's been my fault. But what I'd like to do more than anything— We've gone through a lot together, and I'd like to wipe the slate completely clean, erase everything that's been said and done and start over fresh and new."

Well, as I told you, I'm a pretty stubborn Georgia mule, but I'm also a senti-

mentalist, and that little speech of Van Brocklin's really touched me. The Minnesota Vikings were my life, my family, it was no easy thing to decide to leave them, to just lop off six years of my life, to leave behind a bunch of guys that I loved as much as I loved my own brother. I found myself looking for words again, for the second time that day. "Norm," I said at last, "there's nothing I'd like better."

He came over and gave me a big bear hug, and he wiped his eyes, and then we sat down and had one of the greatest talks of my life. We spent two hours planning what we would do to bring the championship of pro football to the Minnesota Vikings, the changes we would make, the new outlook we would bring to the ball club. And when I left Norm's office that afternoon I was right back in my old frame of mind. I figured there was nothing that could stop the Vikings now.

In a storybook, the happy ending would come next. Norm and I would work together like jewels, and the team would win the championship of the world behind its fired-up quarterback and its dedicated coach. But it wasn't to be. There's no point in going into the gory details. They're personal, and they're irrelevant. The fact of the matter is simply that it didn't work out. Give us credit, we both tried.

After the season I went back to Atlanta and my off-season business interests, but I wasn't of much use to any of my associates. All kinds of thoughts were racing through my mind, and they kept right on racing for six weeks, until one day I sat myself down and I said, "Francis, you can't go back there and pretend that you agree with what's being done, and you can't change the way you feel. So you'll have to leave the Vikings, and no more ifs, ands or buts about it. Any other decision would be unfair to the coaches, the owners, the fans and, most of all, your fellow players."

That was a Saturday morning, and as the thought finished unreeling in my mind I turned to Elaine and I said, "I'm not going back."

She said, "Whatever you want to do is fine with me."

That night I slept peacefully for the first time in months. I wasn't happy about my leaving, but at least I was finished with the weeks of indecision.

I had a speaking date in Spokane, and

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I routed myself through Minneapolis so I could stop off and tell Norm. We talked in his office for six hours, and I told him that I was not coming back and that nothing would change my mind. We had a very pleasant conversation, we almost always did. As usual, we got sidetracked on the subject of what potential the Vikings had, what a wonderful bunch of guys they were and how they deserved a division championship for all the sacrifices they had made. We went out to eat together, and then we went back to his office and talked some more, and I finally left late in the afternoon in a very confused state of mind. I wasn't confused about quitting, but I wasn't sure that Norm had accepted my resignation or just how the matter stood. That's when I realized that the only way to do it was by letter. So I wrote:

Dear Norm,

After much thought, I have come to the definite conclusion that under no circumstances can I return to play football with the Minnesota Vikings next season.

Because of the events of the past few months and my feelings toward a number of things, it is impossible for me to return to the Vikings with a clear and open mind. As you know, I have tried to subdue these feelings and erase them from my mind, but it has been impossible.

Feeling as I do, I am sure that this decision is the best for the Vikings, you and myself.

Norm, I sincerely appreciate your help and guidance during the early years of my pro career and I certainly wish for you, and the Vikings, every success.

I hope you and the organization understand that nothing can be done which would change my decision.

Because of all that the organization has done for me, I am writing this letter in the event that it might be helpful to the Vikings to know of my feelings at this time.

Sincerely,
Francis A. Tarkenton

I sent copies to all the directors, and as far as I was concerned that was the end of the line. I'll admit I was surprised when Van Brocklin resigned the day after he got my letter, but that didn't change anything I wrote. Once I had made up my mind, the decision was irrevocable. I wouldn't have been true to myself if I had reversed my field just because Van Brocklin quit. My letter wasn't intended as a warlike act; it wasn't aimed at getting anybody. It was simply a clear and simple statement of my position. If I'm an honorable man and I announce that I'm not coming back no matter what happens at Minnesota, how can I then turn around and rejoin the ball club? And if I do, how can I command the respect of anybody there, the directors, the fans, the popcorn vendors, let alone my fellow players?

But the trouble with simple English nowadays is that nobody believes it. When a politician says he will not run under any circumstances, he's right in there pitching in November. And when a baseball player says he's quitting the game, he's right back in action on Opening Day. So, naturally, after Van Brocklin left, a lot of people assumed that I would come scampering back to the Vikings. I kept repeating that my letter had made it plain that I would not return under any circumstances, and I meant just that. Yes, they would say, but that was before Van Brocklin quit. That changed everything. I would say that Van Brocklin's resignation changed nothing, that I suffer from the unfortunate habit of saying what I mean and sticking by it.

As soon as people began to realize that I was not returning to the Vikings, an awful controversy began. I suppose, looking back on it, that the easy way out would have been to go on back and play out my years with Minnesota and try to be nice old Fran. But I just couldn't do that and be true to myself. The resulting uproar was disturbing; it broke into my life pattern; it upset me and my family. We had phone calls and crank letters. Sportseasters and reporters were calling us from all over the country, and it became a nuisance. I'd made my decision and it was over, and I hadn't figured on any of this trouble. We were reading quotes out of Minneapolis papers about how ungrateful I was and things like that, and some of those remarks hit me like a slap in the mouth.

Worst of all, the shouting and the backbiting tarnished the finest thing that ever happened to me in my life, my association with the Minnesota football players. It was a happy association, I played with the finest men in the whole world, I made lifelong friends, and all this bitterness seemed profane to me after what we had gone through together on the field.

The thing about pro football is that it's a family affair, and I don't expect anybody who hasn't played the pro game to understand that completely. I've never seen a group of men with more love for one another than a pro football team. After last year's Super Bowl Game an interviewer asked Vince Lombardi how his Green Bay Packer team was able to come up with so many great plays in the clutch, and Lombardi answered: "Because they have respect for one another. . . . They have a great deal of love for one another." He was speaking on network television, and I'll bet he confused a lot of the big tough he-men around the country, talking about the Packers running on love. But they do. Every pro team does. I've never seen any place in the world, any human activity, where love is more exemplified than on the pro football field. You go through so much together. There's the physical torture of training camp, where you give everything you've got to punish your body, to get yourself into shape for 14 weeks of war. And you watch your teammates get hurt, cut, broken. You watch them lose their jobs, you watch them go to the heights of victory together and the depths of despair together. You share every conceivable emotion. You watch their families grow, you're with them socially, and pretty soon your life is intimately bound up in theirs, and this intense love and devotion springs up.

It's funny: after a win you have the greatest feeling in the world, but the week after you lose a ball game you walk down the street and you feel like you don't have any friends and the writers are climbing on you and the sportseasters are jumping you and the people don't want your autograph. So where do you turn? You turn to the 40 guys who are still in there working and suffering with you; you can always depend on them.

That's why it's so hard to leave a team. It's tragic. The hardest thing about my leaving the Vikings is that for six years I played with those guys and I left a lot of my life in their keeping. Those guys are my family. They'll always be family to me.

NEXT WEEK

Analyzing tactics, Tarkenton tells why the blitz is overrated, the audible outmoded—and how to beat the Packers.

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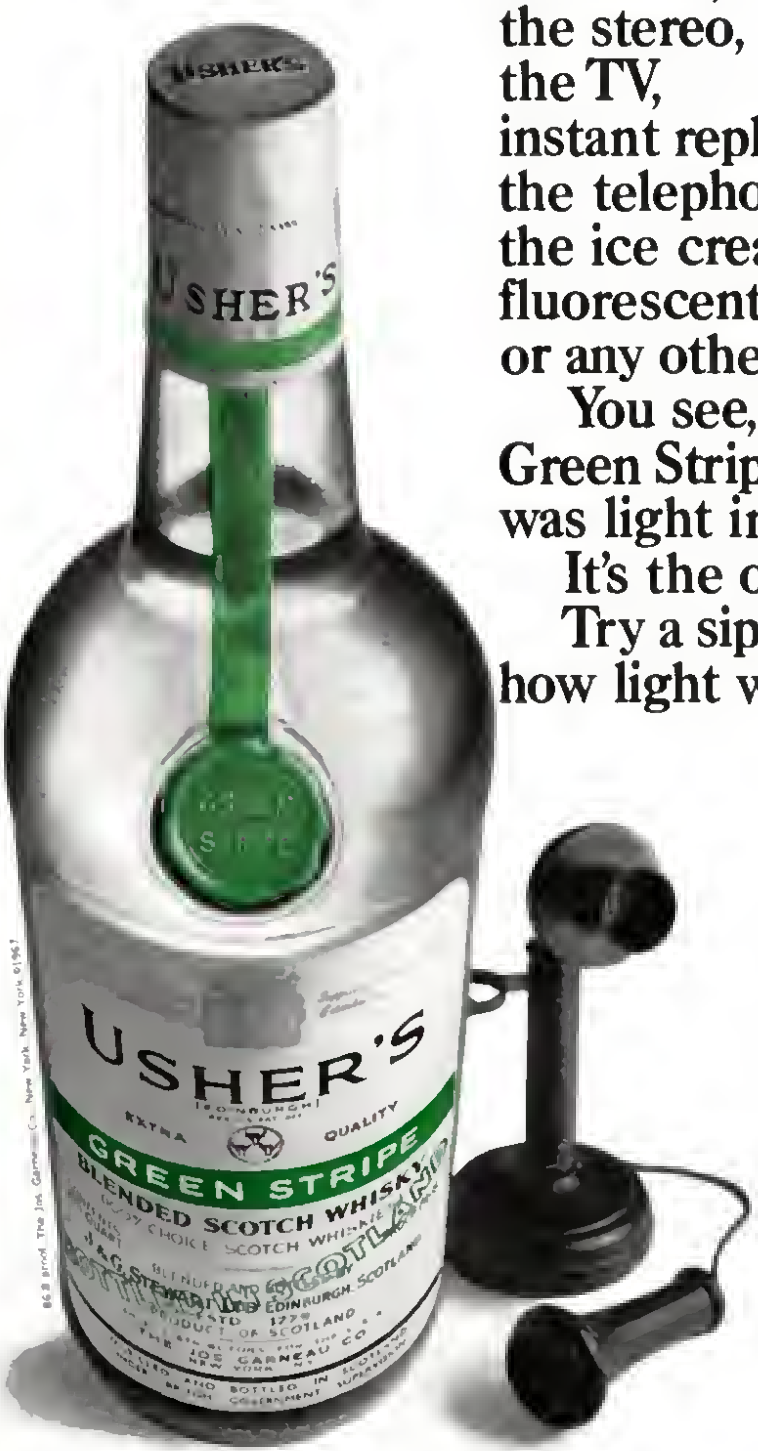


The original light Scotch

Well geared for the America's Cup

Just as *Intrepid* is a good exercise in trimmed-down efficiency (SI, June 26), so, too, is the official uniform of the crew. Skipper Bus Mosbacher, a stickler for detail, asked Abercrombie & Fitch to help him create a sailor's wardrobe to meet America's Cup competition needs. The results are not only extremely practical, they present a fresh look in boating gear. Mosbacher is a Dartmouth man (class of '43), and the colors he picked for the clothes are Dartmouth green and white. This change from sailing's traditional blue and white prompted spectators at trials earlier this month to shout the Dartmouth cheer: "Go, Big Green, Go!" The green jacket (*far right*) is water-repellent and has a quilted lining for the many cool days found even in early fall off Newport. It has a high collar, pleated action back and two side-stretch plackets for snug fit. There are no buttons on the tapered sleeves to catch on winches, but there is a knit inner cuff for warmth. Sweaters and socks are of fast-drying Orlon. The sweater has a nylon zipper that turns the collar into a turtleneck. The deck shoes, made by Top-Sider, are of nylon instead of the usual canvas. There are white slacks and shorts of Fortrel and cotton, green cotton-knit shirts, green-and-white cloth belts, hats and leather sailing gloves. The foul-weather gear would keep you dry in a typhoon. The pants go to the armpits, and every pocket and zipper is double-sealed. They are *not* Dartmouth green but air-sea-rescue yellow. And what would Mosbacher do if an Intrepider washed overboard in his yellow suit? Says one crewman, half seriously: "He'd drown you with a dirty look and sail on!"

"INTREPID'S CREW, with Bus Mosbacher at the helm, wears new uniforms during preface shake-down. The clothes of Dartmouth green and white were designed as carefully as was the boat itself.

FOUL-WEATHER GEAR (*left*) by Mighty-Mac is double-layered pliable nylon stitched with rot-proof thread and sealed at the seams. Rustproof nylon zippers are covered with flaps sealed with Velcro. Fair weather jacket (*below*) is for Newport's cool September. Gear is available at Abercrombie & Fitch, New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

HANDBALL / *Bob Ottum*

Showdown on 92nd Street

Paul Haber won the national title, but discovered it meant nothing unless he beat Jimmy Jacobs

For an event that turned out to be The Great Underground Game of 1967, it all started quietly enough. Paul Haber, 31, who is the national handball champion, picked up the telephone in one meaty hand and called Jimmy Jacobs, who used to be the champion, and said the magic words. He challenged Jacobs to a quiet, final, man-to-man showdown. Nothing fancy. No hoo-ha and publicity. They would pull on their white soft-leather gloves and duel to the death, that's all. All strictly unofficial, cut-'em-up, nothing at stake. Well, nothing except the whole world of handball, which promptly heard the news and came running.

Jimmy Jacobs was so excited about the prospect that he even accepted collect charges on the call, San Francisco to New York. They agreed to meet unobtrusively on 92nd Street in Manhattan, on the fourth floor of the YMHA, a Jewish island between Germantown and the advancing Puerto Rican belt. There would be two matches, one on Saturday night and one on Sunday, to give more fans a chance at the few available seats.

This was roughly two weeks ago. By last Saturday night, when Jacobs and Haber were tugging on their gloves, everybody who was anybody in the game had assembled at the Y. Betting money began flowing like wine at an Italian wedding, because, in New York City, Jacobs is the Jewish Clark Kent, fine and clean and pure and strong and true, even if he is 36 years old and getting to the point where he combs his hair slightly forward to cover the thinning spot. What matters is that nobody beats Jacobs at handball.

After Jimmy accepted the challenge he hung up the phone, dashed to his checkbook, paid for Haber's plane ticket to New York and arranged for his expenses plus $150 personal-appearance money. Then Jimmy began to flex his forearms, which are extremely large and hairy, and nervously wait for the big day. The YMHA agreed to pay back Jacobs by selling its few seats at $10 each—which was a nice gesture for a secret game. They could have sold out Yankee Stadium at twice the price.

To understand the reason behind all this midsummer lunacy one must first understand something about the sport. Handball is a game that might have been devised by the Marquis de Sade as something fun to do while his whips were at the cleaners. The four-wall version is played by two men locked inside a 20-by-40-foot room, off whose walls, ceiling and floor they slam a small, black rubber ball at speeds up to 100 mph. There are only two ways to win, by scoring 21 points first or by having your opponent suffer a coronary occlusion. In one match (two out of three games), a good player will sweat off at least six pounds, and the palms of his hands will begin to look like the soles of combat boots.

Jacobs has been the leading gladiator of New York's elite handball-oriented community for a long time. Between 1955 and 1965 he won six national singles championships and shared in four

INTENT ON THE BALL, HABER COCKS A POWERFUL RIGHT WHILE JACOBS GETS SET

doubles titles. The last two years, out of ennui, he gave up the singles game and concentrated on doubles, which he won laughing.

All this was fine with New York, but bitter for California and Paul Haber, who won the singles titles in 1966 and 1967. The championship had a certain taste of ashes to it because he had beaten everybody of consequence—except Jimmy Jacobs. It got to the point where people were saying, "Oh, sure, you are the national champ, all right, but. . . ." And Haber, who is a proud man, began to be rankled.

The night before the big match Haber sat in a Third Avenue restaurant, moodily poking at a steak, his steel-pipe forearms hidden under the sleeves of a green blazer. "This here is a mess," he said. "I mean, my coming back to New York to play him on his own court. I was raised in the Bronx, but I left when I was 10. Still, I'd go to China to play this guy, just to get the thing settled. *Any*where, *any*time I can outshoot him, and that's all there is to it."

Not too many blocks away, Jacobs sat at a back table in the Old Murray Hill restaurant, a dark, beamed-ceiling place on East 40th Street, daintily picking at a chef's salad and shaking his head in limited wonder. Jacobs had not lost a singles match since the year of the blue snow. "An unfair myth has arisen around this country," he said, "that I cannot be beaten. This is just not true. It *is* true that I have not lost in a long time, and it *is* true that it's been about 10 years since anyone has challenged me at four-wall, but. . . ." His voice trailed off.

Haber had begun the soft psych that is the specialty of the game by stopping off in Phoenix to play a few tune-up games with The Monster. The Monster is Dave Graybill, a kindly, gentle man in private life but a killer on the court. Haber wrote Jacobs from Phoenix that "The Monster was playing tremendous ball. But, alas, not good enough."

Jacobs countered with the reverse ploy. "Of all the handball players in the world," he said, "Haber is the greatest. He is a ballet dancer on the court and a thing of beauty to watch. Now, I have not played him for five years, but it is my feeling that Haber is the complete player. Haber does it to you with consummate grace. It's like a man carving a turkey: first a wing, then a leg. He does it all with fluid moves, while I—" Jacobs sighed modestly—"while I simply have to play my own game, which is to *squash* my opponent." And he ground the heel of his thick right hand into the table.

When Haber arrived at Kennedy Airport he was accompanied by a small, dark, intense-looking man named Al Gracio, who owns a place in Long Beach, Calif. called The Town House. Gracio is also the floor manager of the U.S. Handball Association and rules and referee chairman of the Southern California Handball Association.

"It shoulda been held in Texas, which is neutral," sniffed Gracio. "This here is bad, I mean, playing here. But Paul and me, we'll go anywhere to get at Jacobs."

"I understand," Haber mused, "there is a guy here in New York who has got a lot of money and he is giving 2 to 1 that I won't get a total of 21 points in two games."

"I want some of that money," said Gracio.

And then someone—nobody knew quite who it was—said someone had offered to put up $5,000 worth of California money against $5,000 New York money—even—that Haber would win. There was, it was noted, a stampede to cover it.

By game time, on a hot, muggy evening, the action picked up. One unconfirmed story reported a mysterious phone call to Haber from Las Vegas in which the caller had offered $50,000 if Haber would throw the match.

"Hell," growled Haber, all tuned up for battle, "they would have to offer me a *million* dollars to throw this game. There isn't enough money in the whole world to make me lay down and die for Jacobs. And besides, everybody knows this is an *amateur* sport and nobody can take any money."

Outside the Y the odds were 2 to 1 plus two points on Jacobs.

"Where is all this money supposed to be?" asked Jacobs. "You hear about all this betting, yet if you try to search out a guy to get some money down, you wouldn't be able to find him. I don't believe any of it is true."

So saying, they stepped inside what the 92nd Street Y jovially calls "the steam room," and locked the door behind them. It was terrible to watch.

First game. Haber began carving. Deft kill shots, balletlike sliding knee shots. First a leg, then an arm. He won 21-6.

Second game. Haber coasted and carved only when it served his purpose. He kept looking fixedly into Jacobs' eyes. At one point Jacobs called for time out to change gloves, and behind the glass Gracio jumped up nervously.

"Now what?" he barked.

"Dry gloves."

"Oh, God," said Gracio. "We'll be here all night if *this* keeps up."

Jacobs won 21-16.

Third game. Haber went back to soberly carving, now growing impatient. Halfway through, the calf of Jacobs' right leg suddenly tightened into an angry knot the size of a fist. Six suddenly anxious impromptu attendants wrapped it in cold towels. Time out, while Haber paced alone inside the sweat box. Jacobs returned with both calves wrapped in elastic bandages.

In the next few minutes Haber finished carving and reduced Jacobs—as they say on 92nd Street—to chopped chicken liver. It was 21-7.

Haber promptly got on the telephone to call everybody in the world, standing there limp, soaked and several pounds lighter. Downstairs in the locker room Jacobs was magnificent in defeat, almost as though he had waited for the moment. "It's true, like they say," he said. "The legs go first."

And that would have been that—the old king fallen, long live the new king—except that they had agreed to play that Sunday match. And what happened then is still a trifle difficult to assess.

Jacobs, after it was all over, said he switched strategy—from a high to a low serve—to tear Haber apart. And, if the scores are to be accepted as evidence, that is exactly what he did: 21-8, 21-2. But Haber, perhaps sated by his victory of the night before, perhaps unwilling to let a legend die so easily—or perhaps looking ahead to another challenge, with New York money traveling west this time at even odds—obviously was making no attempt to offer serious competition. He already had done what he had come to New York to do.

"Don't forget," said Jacobs. "Everyone has to lose sometime. I embrace the idea of combat, and we'll play again."

"You bet," said Haber.

So Jacobs went home to his Manhattan apartment, and Haber went home to California. But where all that Las Vegas money went, no one has figured out till yet. **END**

HARNESS RACING / *Pete Axthelm*

A classic sort of catastrophe

The first of trotting's Triple Crown events proved nothing when 13 sulkies were trepped in a traffic jem end e 15-to-1 colt romped home

The malevolent roar started deep in the old Yonkers Raceway grandstand and rolled across the half-mile track toward the horsemen who were watching from the paddock. Karen Adios, the favorite in the third race, had gone off stride before the start and was out of contention. The shirtsleeved sportsmen on the asphalt apron in front of the stands waved their fists at Driver George Sholty and *their voices rose in a bitter chorus* that was to set the tone for the whole evening of the $150,000 harness race called the Yonkers Futurity.

The 22,271 people at Yonkers last Thursday were there, as usual, to bet on nine races, mainly ones like the third, for nonwinners of $4,000 lifetime. But they were also there to see the best 3-year-old trotters in the country compete in a race that was supposed to be one of the classics of the sport. They got eight of the races they expected, but they did not get any classic. In fact, the Futurity, the first leg of trotting's Triple Crown and the race that was supposed to begin sorting out the best horses among this year's wide-open field, could barely be classified as a race. A colt named Pomp won it, virtually by default, after almost every other contender had been racked up in a mad 13-horse scramble around the first turn.

"We were the *luckiest*," said Winning Driver Harry Pownall. "This race was just a matter of breaks, and we got them. Of course, it doesn't prove anything about who had the best horse."

Since Triple Crown events are generally expected to prove something, the Futurity must be ranked as a major disappointment. But this was not really a surprise to the horsemen. "Too many horses," Joe O'Brien was saying before he began warming up his colt, Halifax Hanover. "A man pays a lot of money to stake his horse for a race like this, then he draws a bad post position and gets eliminated right at the start. So he goes home mad, and the next year he doesn't pay to stake anything." Since the owners' nomination fees made up half the total purse of the Futurity, O'Brien had a point.

Fourteen horses were entered for the Futurity, *some of them nondescript outsiders* lured by the promise of purse money all the way back to sixth place. If 16 had been entered, the track management would have been required to split the race, with 14, it had a choice. "There have been some great races here with large fields," explained a track spokesman. "They can produce some great shows for the fans." "They can also produce some great accidents," said Billy Haughton, trainer of the favored entry of Flamboyant and Keystone Pride. "The only reason they won't split it is because they want to advertise that one big fat purse."

Don Larlee, who rushed all the way from a race at Martinsville, Ill. that afternoon to drive a long shot named Speedy Love, explained the thinking that produced the bulky field. "My filly admittedly hasn't shown much this year, but she did show some trot last season. And frankly, I entered her hoping the race would split. Now that it hasn't I guess we have as good a chance as anyone."

The luck involved was accentuated in the draw for post positions. Halifax Hanover drew near the outside, and the Haughton horses and Dazzling Speed, the early Hambletonian favorite, all drew places in the second tier, behind the first eight starters. Only one real contender, Norman Woolworth's Pay Dirt, received a good position—but Pay Dirt was lame. "Calcium on the knee, the vet tells me," said Trainer Earle Avery. "He's been going all right lately, so we entered him. But as soon as I push him he'll probably go lame as a dog." Avery pushed Pay Dirt a little in his prerace warmups and came back frowning. "He's dead sore," he said. "Guess I'll have to scratch him." Avery went into the horsemen's locker room, bought two 10¢ cigars, pulled on a plaid flannel shirt and settled down in a chair to watch the remaining 13 horses go for the big purse. He may have been luckier than he realized. Earle is 73 years old, and a man of his age does not belong in the carnage that followed.

At the start of the mile race Crack Shot, one of the colts that shouldn't have been in this company, went into a break. The adroit Sholty maneuvered him to the outside as well as he could without bothering anyone, and watching horsemen sighed with relief. Then Marcel Hanover, on the inside, also broke. His driver, Roger White, is not as experienced as Sholty on half-mile tracks, and *his position right in the center of the mob* scene really gave White little chance to get out of people's way. Marcel Hanover galloped into Arden Vance, driven by Ned Bower, and later unseated White. Farther outside, Speedy Love also broke and forced Blaze Frost and Driver Tic Wilcutts toward the inside. This produced a frightening traffic jam just where the second-tier starters were trying to get through.

Flamboyant got the worst of it. "I can't say exactly who hit us," said Haughton. "Wilcutts was there, and Bower. But they can't be blamed, because other horses were running into *them*. I was too busy trying to survive to pay much attention to who was around me."

Dazzling Speed fared better, but only after giving Stanley Dancer some bad moments. "I've never been jolted so high out of the sulky in my life," Dancer said. "I came back down on the crossbar and was lucky to keep my seat." Keystone Pride almost managed to sneak through unharmed, but caught a sulky wheel and also broke. "If I had just gotten past that one hole," Driver Del Insko told Trainer Haughton, "I could have *jogged* home on top." "Let's just be glad," said Billy, "that we got back at all."

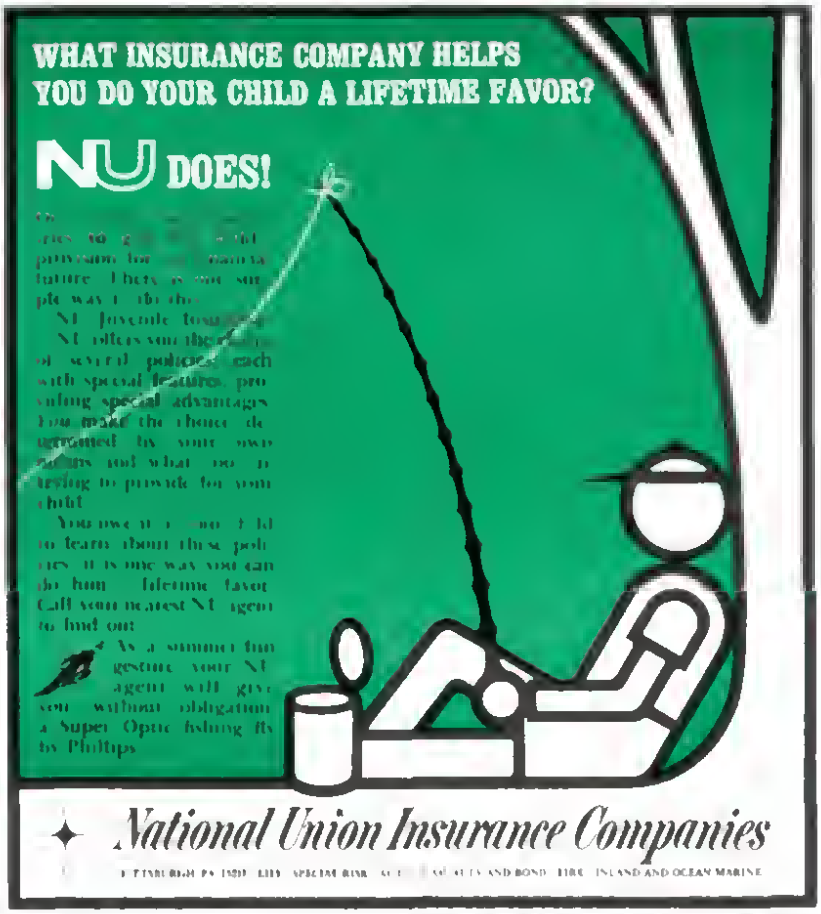
Two long shots with good post positions, Flying Cloud and Proven Freight, came out of the turn in front. Pownall

somehow steered Pomp around the wreckage and into third place, and O'Brien seemed to have found a perfect spot on the rail for Halifax Hanover. Pomp took the lead near the three-quarter mark and pulled away, while Dazzling Speed closed a tremendous gap along the rail, and Halifax, then forced to race on the outside, went off stride. Pomp held off Dazzling Speed by three lengths to win in the modest time of 2:04⅘, with Keystone Pride third.

While Pownall and Pomp waited in the winner's circle, the other drivers returned to the paddock in a black mood, angry at the track and at each other. "I hope they're satisfied with their 13-horse race," growled Dancer. "This was just a glimpse of what could have happened out there," said Haughton, who was consoled somewhat by the fact that Flamboyant came back uninjured. Wilcutts rushed in to call the stewards and accuse O'Brien of letting Halifax Hanover gallop through the stretch to get sixth money of $4,500. O'Brien, in turn, had some words for Dancer. "I was sitting in a good spot a few feet off the rail," he said. "Then Stanley drove his horse up just inside my wheel and forced me to race parked out for the whole second half. He had no business in there, but I had to either let him come all the way up inside me or else cut him down. Come to think of it, I probably would have been better off cutting him down."

The arguments were just subsiding when Pownall came back, still panting heavily from his efforts and the excitement of the largest pot he had ever won. "The horse was fitter than I was," he joked. But Pomp probably was not fit enough to win a tough and honestly run race last week. "He's been sick twice this spring, and he's come along slowly," said Pownall.

Pomp is owned by the Arden Homestead Stable of E. Roland Harriman and Elbridge Gerry and, like all that stable's good horses, he has been pampered and handled patiently, with next month's Hambletonian in mind. In an eight-horse Futurity, Dazzling Speed probably would have won. "He was really flying at the end," said Dancer, "even after all he went through." But Dazzling Speed is at his peak, Pomp has not yet reached his. Pomp won the hectic Futurity because he was the luckiest. He could win the Hambletonian because, by then, he may be the best. END



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With Only a Bow and Bold Belief

BY WILLIAM NEGLEY

In 1957 the author won a $10,000 bet by killing an elephant with bow and arrow. Last year he returned to try for the rest of Africa's 'big five.' This time the bet was with himself and the stakes were higher

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID NOYES

There was only half an hour of daylight left when I squinted through the leaves of the blind and saw two big lions coming up behind us over bare ground. They were ignoring the roan antelope carcass hung temptingly 20 steps in front of our position. With their bellies almost dragging on the ground, these lions had already eaten two of our baits and now were more interested in what was inside our blind. We knew very well that lions were used to seeing small brush enclosures in this area along the Wayumba River in Angola, Portuguese West Africa. The natives, who fear the lion, build such enclosures with fires inside on nights when they are stuck in the bush and cannot get to a village. The lions had long ago learned that the strange piles of brush usually contain men. We were not comfortable.

I was armed with arrows and a bow which, considering the tight range and the peculiar construction of our quarters, was nothing but a stick. Jorge Alves de Lima, the white hunter, had nothing but a 12-gauge shotgun—a weapon not calculated to kill or even intimidate a lion. The back side of the blind was built up too high for me to shoot over, so all we could do was quietly wait and hope that the lions would wander around to the front past my firing window and at least sniff at the bait.

As one lion moved in toward our right side, the bigger one moved toward a blind 60 yards away where Melassa, our tracker, was hiding. Then the big one came back to the left of our

continued

blind, sat down and put his nose up against the leaves, looking at Jorge from 14 inches away as though contemplating leaping in with us. The first lion was standing and staring at us from less than 10 feet. Neither of our visitors showed any inclination to run.

Suddenly, loudly, Jorge said, "You know, Bill, that is a very large lion right there."

We have laughed about it since, but at the moment the best reply I could think of was, "Yes. I certainly agree. He is a very large lion."

Still the lions did not spook. Displaying perhaps more courage than judgment, we shouted for Melassa. Melassa, in turn displaying more judgment than courage, remained silent. Angrily Jorge yelled for Melassa to cause enough noise to impress upon the lions that we had them outnumbered. No sound from Melassa. At last we heard the subdued growl that a lion often makes just before he decides to leave, and the two of them trotted some 30 or 40 steps away and sat down again, remaining behind the blind, where I could not get a shot. As darkness moved in, we blinked our flashlight at the lions, who were unimpressed. But we did attract our hunting car, which had been parked about 500 yards away. The racket of its approaching engine stirred the two big devils into strolling away.

During that long half hour I had plenty of time to reconsider what I was planning to do. It may sound odd, but the experience only reinforced my belief in a favorite idea of mine—that a basic reform is needed in the hunting of so-called dangerous game with a bow and arrow. Hunting with a bow and arrow was a deadly serious matter to man for centuries before it became a sport. In parts of the world it is still that serious: a badly aimed shot can put the hunter into a distressing situation. I believe if a man wants to hunt dangerous game with a bow and arrow he should do it as the primitives do—without rifle cover. A bow hunter who is willing to take the gamble with only a primitive weapon implies he is more courageous than most men. But if he is protected by a white hunter armed with a powerful rifle, then where is the danger? Where is the sport? Why do it? Doesn't such hunting become mere killing?

It has been well established for 10 years that with modern archery equipment the hunter can kill anything—even an elephant. In February 1957 I won a $10,000 bet by killing two elephants in the Belgian Congo with nothing but a bow and arrow (SI, May 6, 1957). Though I had an armed hunter with me, I had agreed in the wager contract that not only would the elephant not be crippled by gunfire but there would be no shooting within hearing of the animal to scare or influence him. The bet between Bill Carpenter of Wilmington, Del. and me was a first in the sporting world. Since there had been persistent rumors that an elephant previously claimed to have been killed with a bow and arrow had also been deliberately crippled by gunfire, Carpenter, with reasonable cause, thought the notion of killing so big an animal with a few arrows was a fraud. But I was certain that an arrow from a really heavy bow would penetrate enough to down an elephant.

Our good friend Tony Hulman of Terre Haute, Ind. agreed to hold the stakes. Carpenter, a gracious man, insisted that the bet would be void unless I had an armed hunter with me. I put on a very solemn face while agreeing to this; I had no intention of stalking an elephant otherwise.

I killed the first elephant on February 22, 1957 and finished out my license with a second on the next day, subsequently collecting the $10,000, which went to San Antonio's Witte Memorial Museum, of which I am a trustee. But I felt guilty about accepting congratulations for my feat. There was that nagging knowledge that all along I had had a hunter with a rifle backing me up. I knew that one day I would have to prove to myself how well I could stalk and how coolly I could shoot if I burdened the bearers with nothing but water bags and extra arrows. It was a bold scene in my mind's eye, but I was cautious in talking about it. I never told anyone that I would positively do this or that. I only said I wanted to test the feasibility of bow-hunting dangerous game without rifle cover, and, especially in the case of the lion, I reserved the right to back out at the last moment and admit I didn't have the guts to do it.

I planned this hunt for March of 1958, but for several reasons it was put off and half forgotten over the years, and in the meantime I did no bow work at all. Then early last year I bought a 75-pound bow and began to train again. Day after day I shook and trembled, missing the target, groping through my memory for old techniques, spending hundreds of hours shooting, doing roadwork, and finally I was as good—or as bad—as ever. I have no conception of my ability as an archer, for I have never seen another man shoot with a heavy bow and I have had only a total of four years of archery myself.

However, I was as ready as I was going to get. I wrote to white hunters and game managers in Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda, Bechuanaland, Rhodesia and Angola, skipping the Congo because the turmoil in that country might very well have made me the hunted instead of the hunter. The officials in areas that were British, either by control or orientation, turned down my request to hunt with a bow even without knowing I would use no rifle cover. The Portuguese have a somewhat sportier view, and I was able to schedule a six-week hunt with Jorge in southeast Angola. He runs the Mavinga concession for six months a year as a white hunter and lives the other six with his wife and six children in São Paulo, Brazil.

Our bow hunt was to be Jorge's last safari of the 1966 season, and I could tell he looked forward to it with mixed emotions. Although he had heard of my successful hunt nine years earlier, he was politely noncommittal when I explained upon arrival at base camp that I did not wish the protection of his rifle. He quietly observed my practice sessions, and we spent hours discussing plans and techniques. Eventually he realized I was serious and wanted no tem-

porizing with this principle—absolutely no guns, period! I intended to complete my bow hunt of the big five – elephant, rhino, buffalo, lion and leopard. I did admit I had never stalked a rhino with a bow, and rhino was to be the first order of business. Further, I admitted that I might cripple the rhino with the first arrow and be afraid to follow up. If this happened and the animal had to be finished with a rifle, I would do the dirty work. I proposed we take along Jorge's double .465 Holland and Holland, dismounted and cased. To activate this gun, and thus to cheat, we would have to: 1) undo first buckle on flap, 2) undo second buckle, 3) take out barrels and stock, 4) take fore-end off barrels, 5) fit barrels to stock, 6) fit fore-end back to barrels, 7) break open gun, 8) load gun, 9) close gun and 10) take off safety. All this requires much more time to do than to read about. So any hostile move by rhino, buffalo, lion or leopard would be over long before the steps could be accomplished and, as a practical matter, long before Jorge could even get to the tracker who might be carrying the gun. Trackers have a way of scattering when a rhino snorts.

On the morning of October 4, coming away from the Wayumba River, where we had camped for a few days, we picked up fresh rhino tracks. I enjoyed a moment of masochistic contemplation of just how unarmed we were for the fight that was about to begin. When we left camp Melassa, our head tracker, had picked up the green canvas case instead of the brown leather one. The green case held only the shotgun, and in Jorge's pocket were three shells for the British heavy rifle.

The rhino's track measured nine and a half inches across the front foot and was easy to follow in the sandy soil. Rhinos have a habit of gouging deep trenches in the ground and vigorously scattering their droppings, rather than leaving them in a pile as elephants do. Trackers put their hands or feet into the droppings to test the temperature and judge how recently the rhino has passed. These droppings were becoming fresher and the sand was still wet in patches where the rhino had urinated. It was disturbing to note that this animal was pushing over trees of five or six inches in diameter to nibble a few tender shoots off the tops. Rhinos and elephants are extravagant eaters, never finishing anything before moving on. An elephant will knock over a tree 20 inches in diameter for a few bites off the top.

It was nearly noon. Our trackers moved forward slowly, Melassa and his brother, Samuondo, were up front and on the trail, with Jorge five paces behind them. I followed about 50 to 75 yards back so I would have more room to look around. Suddenly Jorge and Melassa froze, then retreated 15 or 20 yards. I went forward and Melassa pointed to some small trees 75 yards ahead. Sticking out of low green bushes was the black shoulder hump of the rhino. Through Jorge's binoculars I saw the rhino lying on its belly, facing to the right. The light was good and the cover was sparse enough to give me a decent view but thick enough to give me concealment for a stalk. So the time had come. I had talked about it, and here it was.

I tried to keep my hands from trembling as I strung the bow and selected an arrow from the quiver Samuondo carried. I planned to stalk with only one arrow because I didn't figure to be close enough after the first shot to use a second and I wanted to avoid the rattling of a quiver. After the shot it would be vital to get away quickly and quietly before the rhino knew what had happened. In rifle hunting such confusing of the animal is not necessary. If he still stands after one shot, you simply knock him off his feet with another. You can't do that with a bow. You must count on several stalks.

In minutes I was within 40 yards of the rhino. I was sweating heavily, which was a bother. Fifteen years ago I was operated on for a cyst behind my right eye. As a result of that, some of the nerves and muscles on the right side of my face are paralyzed. I can see fairly well out of my right eye, the one I shoot with, but I cannot blink it, and the sweat was stinging and causing a certain blurring. The wind, though, was cool on my face, which meant it was coming from the proper direction and I had no excuse not to continue. As I crept the last few yards I found it is true what they say about one's hair seeming to stand on end in the presence of uncommon danger. My heart was beating rapidly and I had a prickly sensation at the back of my head. Twenty yards from the rhino I crouched behind a low bush, pausing very briefly for fear the wind might shift and reveal me. A shadow flickered on the rhino's rib section behind his shoulder on the right side. I concentrated on that shadow. It is almost possible to force an arrow by willpower down a visual channel from the bow to the point you want to hit. That is what I was thinking about when I released the arrow.

The arrow drove in half its length but eight or 10 inches to the left of my aim. The rhino scrambled to his feet and plunged forward to the right of me. As I turned to run, he saw me, reversed his field and raced away into the thinly scattered trees. I heard the snap as the heavy aluminum shaft of the arrow broke off against a tree. By measuring the broken half of the arrow we could tell the rhino had 14 inches of metal sticking between his ribs. I was worried that the arrow was too far back, but there was nothing to do but resume the track at once. An animal as big as that would not show distress in a hurry. In an hour we found him again, and I shot hurriedly from 50 yards, hitting him in the right hip to a depth of eight inches. I was quite upset over this poor performance. In the manner of someone who has done badly, I tried to blame it on Jorge, fussing at him for having exposed himself to the rhino's vision. Probably we were equally to blame. But this incident did make Jorge more receptive to the argument that the hunted animal must never be permitted to know that we were nearby.

continued

The third stalk was ticklish. The rhino had been through two painful experiences and now knew who the enemy was. Sooner or later we could expect him to react violently, and we had no way to stop him. But Jorge noted an encouraging fact. The rhino's tracks showed a scuff mark. He was dragging his right hind leg, and his gait had changed from a long striding trot into a slow walk. It was three and a half hours since he had taken the first arrow, and it was beginning to tell.

When we saw him again he was a shadow under a tree 500 yards ahead. The wind was shifty and treacherous. At Jorge's advice, I took off my shoes to stalk in wool socks for stealth. "Bill," said Jorge, "move in close and hit him hard this time, even if it takes an hour." It did take an hour. When I got halfway to him, the rhino turned and looked at me. I became a statue. When he looked away and the wind blew hard enough to rattle the leaves, I advanced more quickly. During the last 20 yards of the stalk, as I was almost crawling, he kept turning restlessly, looking in my direction, causing me long motionless moments. Finally, after resting a bit, I stepped from behind a tree and shot at a range of 30 yards. Jorge, watching through seven-power binoculars, said he saw the arrow flash just behind the rhino's left shoulder and heard the loud thump as it drove in. The rhino came up and whirled toward me, having seen the white arrow from the corner of his eye. I slipped behind two trees. The rhino ran upwind about 150 yards and stopped, breathing hard. I waved, and Melassa came up with extra arrows. By the time I reached the rhino again he was down in low brush. At the strike of the fourth arrow, he charged about in small circles, snorting. A fifth arrow hit him. He fell to his knees. I turned and almost bumped into Melassa, Samuondo and Jorge, who had run up to see the end. It had been nine hours since we had begun tracking the rhino and six and a half hours since the first arrow was launched. We were grateful he had at last given up.

With that strangely unerring capacity the African has for sensing direction, Melassa and Samuondo led us in a straight line back to camp, considerably shortening the winding journey we had taken in following the rhino. There was a beautiful sunset over the hardwood forest when we arrived. The boys in camp greeted us with enthusiasm. After supper Jorge prepared his Victory Punch—a water pitcher filled with orangeade, a dash of gin, an ounce of scotch, a little Portuguese wine and a few drops of my own hot-pepper sauce. We all drank it, and I went to bed tired but happy.

In the morning we moved downcountry to the Kanga River, a good area for leopards and buffalo as well as lions and a few elephants. We expected the leopard to cause long and tedious baiting and waiting, but he came to us by sheerest luck. We were driving along the river late in the afternoon, with nothing much in mind, when a young leopard crossed the trail in front of us. Jorge chased it in the Land Rover for a few minutes through semi-open forest until the animal tired and went into a clump of brush three feet high and six across. From the back of the Land Rover I fired at a movement in the brush and heard a roaring snarl. The second arrow was also too high, but the third, aimed a foot lower, brought the leopard out of the brush with an arrow sticking through his waist. He ran toward the river and hid in another low patch of brush. I missed two or three times, partly out of excitement and partly because he was not a very big leopard. I picked up a heavy rhino arrow and shot again, striking the leopard through the face. The arrow coursed down through his neck and chest, and he died almost immediately. He was a perfecty legal leopard and had been hunted without rifle cover, but I was not proud of myself. He was small, we had chased him in a car, there was no real effort and it was regrettably unimpressive.

But the buffalo were much more of a problem. They were all on the other side of the Kanga River from our camp. We had to get up at 4:30 every morning, cross the river on foot and track through thornbush for hours. It was wearying. The buffalo grazed in open meadows along the river at night but moved back into the thornbush in the middle of the day for napping. Three days in a row we came upon buffalo only to hear them crash off. We usually came into the thorn at noon, when the wind was shifty, and once we stumbled across a rhino who gave us a good scare before he decided to leave. I had begun to consider changing my buffalo hunt to Portuguese East Africa, where conditions were supposed to be better. Jorge talked me into trying one more day, and I am glad he did.

The fourth morning we found fresh tracks of two large buffalo while we were in the process of tracking an elephant. The buffalo hoofprints were deep and the droppings were warm, but they led us into thornbush again. I moved up front so as to get a quick shot if we saw the buffalo. We had just come into a fairly open glade in the forest when I saw a shadow 150 yards ahead. Jorge looked through binoculars and pronounced it a log. I started walking forward, but Jorge snapped his fingers and whistled. Tick birds had risen from the log. The log was a buffalo lying in a thin patch of thorn. His companion, another old bull, was lying behind a tree 15 yards to the left. I approached to within 50 yards. The bull on the right was protected by thornbush branches, and the one on the left was obscured by the V-shaped trunk of a big hardwood tree. Since buffalo have very good ears, I was careful not to rustle the scattered leaves as I moved closer. I could see the tick birds on the back and face of the buffalo on the right. For half an hour I inched forward until I was behind a tree 25 yards from the buffalo on the left and some 35 yards from the one on the right. I had to be very wary of that one, because the thorn prevented me from having a shot at him. I could see the rump of the one on the left sticking out from the tree and the points of his horns just beyond the right side of the trunk.

Then I got lucky. The one on the right stretched out full length on the sand with the back of his head to me. I could hear his wheezing breath. I moved fast before he got restless again or the wind shifted. My pulse had accelerated, and I had the old sensation at the back of my neck. Standing up, I stepped across 12 to 15 yards to a point about 12 steps behind the tree, intending to shoot through the V-shaped trunk into the buffalo's back. I remember thinking how astonishing it was that, after so much effort, I would now in 30 seconds let go an arrow into the back of a bull buffalo. If nothing went wrong, that is.

I heard a hissing, slicing noise, like slashing a butcher knife into a watermelon, and the arrow went in up to the feathers in the bull's neck. I gouged out two deep pockets of sand as I turned to run. Thirty yards away I looked back. Both buffalo were on their feet, staring in wonderment in the direction in which I had disappeared. Neither had the faintest notion what had happened or what to do. Blood was pouring down the side of the wounded buffalo. He lay down for two or three minutes, got up and milled about aimlessly and went down again. I heard a noise behind me as Jorge crept up with a look of elation on his face. I prepared to dispatch the buffalo with a second arrow, but the other buffalo then came back to see why his old buddy had not followed. I asked Jorge what to do.

"Hell, Bill, just walk in on him and he'll run off," said Jorge.

I decided to trust Jorge's knowledge and stepped into plain sight. The second buffalo ran like a rabbit. By the time I reached the downed buffalo he was in his death throes.

We were impressed that we had killed another of the big five without ever being in acute danger. But during the long walk to camp our elation could not obscure the thought that the lion still remained before I would have my list of bow-hunting kills. For several days we had been baiting a young male lion and a large female on the Kanga River but without much success. Now we decided to break camp and move back toward the Wayumba River, where two big males had been terrifying villagers.

The two big males also terrified us. They were the two who had come up to our blind and peered in. The morning after that experience we checked our baits and found the antelope eaten. We decided the lions, having stuffed themselves, would cross the wide plain and go to the nearest water hole. So we set out in the Land Rover to look for them. A lion can run like a cyclone for a short distance but cannot go far on a full belly. Sure enough, we located them on the plain approaching the forest. I jumped into the back of the Land Rover and strung my bow. We had no tracker and no guns—not even the 12-gauge. The lions saw us and broke into a fast trot.

We caught them at the edge of the woods. In a wild, jolting ride Jorge dodged the vehicle through the trees, keeping the larger lion in sight, bouncing over logs and crushing patches of tall grass. The lion ducked behind a hardwood tree. Jorge lost sight of him and stopped. I could see the lion five steps from the car, lying on his belly, looking up at me as I leaned over the side rail. He crouched down, forepaws curled up beneath his chin, wrinkled face turned sideways, showing his tremendous teeth and hissing exactly like a small house cat that has been cornered by a dog. In spite of his show of fear, I had no intention of shooting straight down at him from this range. In an instant he could turn into a terror. One jump would have put him into the Land Rover with us, and I am sure I would have bailed out the other side. I yelled for Jorge to drive forward.

"Where is the lion? Where is the lion?" he kept saying.

"He's right alongside the damn car!" I shouted.

That message got through the excitement and confusion, but in haste Jorge drove too far, so that I could not get a shot. We turned and went back, but both lions had vanished.

Two nights later, in full moonlight, one of the lions came into our camp and frightened our bearers, who were sleeping around the fire. The shouts aroused me and I ran out of my tent in pajamas to see the lion 10 yards away walking slowly into the woods. As a result of these experiences, we returned to the Wayumba, hopeful the two big fellows would still be around. It was unlikely they would have been scared off.

At our new camp we prepared a nice bait of a wildebeest and a roan antelope hanging in trees, another wildebeest tied to the base of a tree and a young billy goat tied to five feet of rope at the foot of the same tree. All this was a gruesome, distasteful experience: the shooting of the antelope to use the bait, the flies, vultures, hyenas, jackals and other riffraff that come in for a meal.

The next morning we heard the lions roaring. At daylight we drove to the baits, intending to haze them onto the plain. We were tense and nervous. But there was the little billy goat, coolly standing on the carcass of the wildebeest at the base of the tree. We dismounted the Land Rover and examined the sandy ground, which is like reading a news bulletin. The two big lions had come within five feet of the little goat, there were deep ruts in the sand where they had whirled and rushed off. The lions did not come back that night, and we gave the billy goat a lifetime reprieve. When I left Africa, the goat was happily nuzzling around a flock of nannies at the main camp.

I was disappointed. The two Wayumba Boys had become wise to us. If we'd had rifles they would have been many times dead. But they were too smart for us under my imposed conditions, and we decided to leave them to their fate.

On the same day we surrendered to the Wayumba lions we found a wildebeest carcass that had been chewed by a single lion 15 miles from camp. The track was a big one. We shot another wildebeest and hung it in a tree close to the old carcass so the lion would have something left to eat

continued

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after the vultures had gone. In the morning we discovered the lion had returned. With great optimism, we built a blind. We felt we had done nothing to alert this lion and it would be back, full of confidence, during daylight hours. Our trackers planted two stakes in the ground 20 yards in front of the blind and anchored the wildebeest carcass in such a way that a lion chewing on the rump would present its left side or, if it elected to chew on the belly, its right side would be open for a shot. I had been practicing daily for an hour or more at this particular range—20 and 28 yards—for I dreaded the thought of missing after all this trouble. I fired many practice arrows from the blind at grass patches near the stakes. Now, after 41 days of safari, I knew I was ready.

Jorge and I entered the blind about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He was armed with a pair of binoculars and I with the 100-pound bow I had used on the rhino, leopard and buffalo. Several vultures flew overhead. Crows called from the trees. A small jackal skulked along the edge of the grass. We were in the middle of a broad green plain with only a few scattered trees. I was watching the jackal when Jorge said, "Here comes a big lioness. She is enormous."

In Angola any big lion is looked upon as a trophy. Of course, anyone would prefer a huge-maned lion like one of the Wayumba Boys, but professional hunters in Angola regard a large female as a better trophy than a young male with a partially developed mane. The emphasis is on size and strength. I leaned forward and could see the lioness walking forward across the emerald-green grass in the clear bright light of late afternoon. She was a beautiful tawny color. As she picked up her front feet and put them down, the large pads bent inward in a slightly pigeon-toed fashion. She came on alertly at a slow and dignified pace until she was 50 yards from the bait. At this point she apparently noted the bait had been moved from the tree. Unfazed, she continued her regal pace until she was at the head of the wildebeest and her long shadow fell across the carcass. There was no wind at all. It was dead silent.

Now, with a loud buzz, the mass of blowflies that had been crawling over the wildebeest carcass lifted into the air, and I saw the silvery glitter of the pale-blue butterflies. Once the insects were gone the only sound was the panting of the lioness, who glanced about slowly with her mouth partly open. I saw her tremendous yellow teeth and her huge brown eyes as she turned and stared directly into the blind. Jorge and I were looking hxedly through individual openings in the leaves. Her eyes were the same color as her hide and the verticle slits were visible as her pupils contracted against the afternoon sun. Satisfied that the blind was no menace, she lay down and bit into the neck of the wildebeest behind the ears. There was a crackerlike crunch of dry hide and I saw her tonguing the stiff neck bristles out of her mouth. It sounded as if she were chewing on a horsehair settee, and it must have tasted like one, for she got up and moved around to the hackside of the wildebeest. She stretched and bit into the loin section.

The loin was also tough and dry. With claws extended, she reached out with her right paw and forearm, hooked into the belly of the wildebeest and tried to turn the carcass over. I had carefully had the carcass secured to the two stakes so its position could not be changed. She got up and walked around to the belly. That was exactly what I had hoped for. Now I waited for one more circumstance. We had noticed that morning that the lion had taken part of the entrails out of the wildebeest, set them aside and covered them with sand to be eaten later. I had dug up the entrails and stuffed them back into the body cavity, assuming the lion would stick its head into the cavity to get at the entrails, which seem to be a tasty morsel. That would give me an advantage of a few moments in which to stand up while the lion's head and eyes were hidden. Having timed myself in practice sessions, I knew I could stand, draw and release an arrow in three to four seconds.

The lioness poked her head into the

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body cavity, pulled out part of the entrails and chewed happily. The big eyes came up and looked directly at our blind. She again stuck her head into the cavity, and I brought my bow away from the edge of the blind so it wouldn't snag. Jorge nodded. For the third time I saw her squint and turn her head slightly sideways so as not to rub her eyes against the ragged slot in the wildebeest's belly, and as her nose moved forward I stood up and started to draw.

I had been watching a small scab on her side about six inches back of her foreleg. I focused on nothing but that scab. Knowing I would get the shot off, I was not disturbed when the lioness stood up. I didn't look at her face to see her attitude but let fly the arrow at the scab. With a hiss, the arrow disappeared. The lioness trotted 25 yards away and turned to look back at the blind, where I still stood in plain sight.

Jorge was dismayed. Considering the hundreds of hours we had spent in preparing for this moment, his attitude was understandable. He could see no arrow sticking out of this animal.

"Bill, did you miss?" he asked in a worried whisper.

I started to reach for a second arrow. The lioness growled and began loping away in a choppy, sidewise canter. Her stern seemed weak and wobbly. She went behind a tree, but Jorge could see her.

With surprise he said, "She's down. She's dead. Congratulations!"

I walked the 150 yards to where she had fallen. There was a large red patch just back of her right shoulder. Jorge came up with the five trackers and camp boys, who had been half a mile away in the Land Rover. The Africans roundly congratulated me, and I accepted with utmost gratitude. A deep understanding had grown up among us. They were well aware of the time, effort and study I had put in on this project, and they had suffered its frustrations with me.

The hunt was over. I had killed the big five with bow and arrow. I do not mind that the elephants were killed under rifle cover. That hunt was experimental and was planned that way. But the last four were done without rifle cover, in the manner I believe game should be hunted. So what does this prove? For 10 years I have insisted bow hunting is not a trick or stunt and this exciting field is open to anyone who will spend a few days getting a special understanding of animals. They must be stalked with great care and stealth, never alarmed or cornered. After I had stalked the rhino my trackers had told me I stalked like a lion, even to freezing with one foot in midair for long periods, a posture I was able to hold because of the hours of roadwork and conditioning. In my own case I had studied to become familiar with animals to overcome the fear and anxiety at being so close to them.

Since I killed the elephants, other bow hunters have done the same, with lighter equipment and evidently with more skill. Some elephants have died from one arrow shot. But, as far as I know, all those hunts were conventional, with rifle cover. My hunt of the remaining four of the big five, each about as dangerous as an elephant, was not an act of bravado. It was a valid form of hunting that is open to those who are willing to make more effort and thereby derive more pleasure from hunting. Forty years ago I saw my father shoot a limit of 10 ducks with a 28-gauge shotgun and use only 10 shells, whereas most people would need 25 or more. I have seen the Armstrongs and the Klebergs of south Texas break the necks of turkeys above the feather line with rifles at 100 yards or more, whereas most people shoot them with shotguns while they eat corn in front of a blind. I saw Bill Carpenter bring in a 400-pound tuna in three minutes in the Bahamas. I have hunted with almost every weapon and have fished for and caught everything from 1,000-pound marlin on trolling gear to trout, salmon and tarpon on fly rods. I have concluded that the size and number of trophies one collects are a matter of economics but the manner in which they are taken is a matter of spirit. For those who are truly concerned with sport, rather than merely with trophies, I offer a wonderful sport — bow-hunting dangerous game on your own two feet, as your ancestors did, with only yourself to rely upon. **END**

The status martini vs. the dry, dry, dry martini.

Some people (the social climbers, to be explicit) wouldn't dream of mixing a martini with any other gin but veddy, veddy Br-r-r-itish gin.

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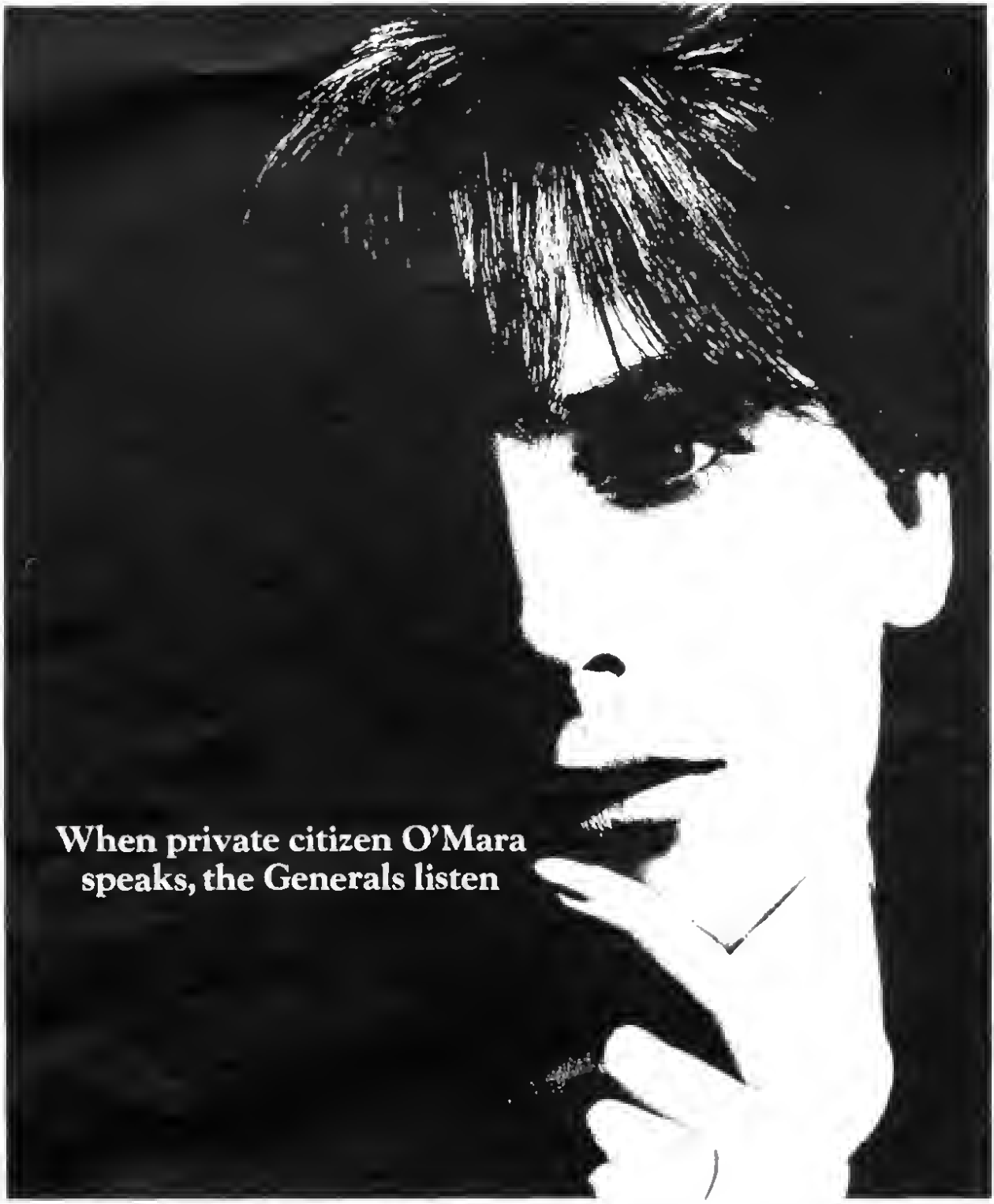

When private citizen O'Mara speaks, the Generals listen

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That's the wonderful power you have when you have free choice. It's free choice that keeps the Generals on their toes trying to please the troops. And in competing with each other, they generally come up with something better. Or cheaper. Or else.

Yet, strangely enough, there are well-meaning people in this country today who just don't see it that way. They think Mrs O'Mara is confused by *too much* choice in the marketplace. Or, maybe, just not bright enough to choose among all those different cake mixes or 36 different kinds of cars. Reduce the choice, they say. Wouldn't four kinds of cake mix be enough? Standardize the products. That will make shopping a lot quicker and easier for everybody.

The trouble is, who sets the standards? Not Mrs. O'Mara. She may be a wizard with a bowl of batter but she hasn't a test tube to her name. So, the critics suggest, let the government do her shopping for her.

That's sympathetic of them but Mrs O'Mara's very favorite cake is a plum nut mix—and that's apt to be the first to go when they start cutting back on choice. We hope yours is chocolate or vanilla because they stand a pretty good chance of surviving.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING The observation trials, a preliminary in picking a defender for the America's Cup next month, came to a close with only six days of racing (due to poor weather conditions) over the 13-day period. Skippered by Bus Mosbacher, INTREPID the new, sleek 12-meter wonder, remained unbeaten in all her six races and now looks forward to the final trials in three weeks, along with 1964 cup winner *Constellation*, and California's rebuilt 1958 champion, *Columbia* (each with three wins, three losses). The fourth boat, *American Eagle*, lost six races and went back into the yard for modifications.

Alfred E. Stern Jr.'s Columbia-50 sloop, DIARLO, seventh boat to cross the finish line at Mackinac Island, Mich., took top honors and the Division I prize over a record fleet of 168 entries with a corrected time of 39:32:23 in the 60th annual Chicago-Mackinac yacht race.

With California's 22-year-old Skip Allan at the helm, his family's Cal-40 sloop, *Holiday Too*, sailed to an overall first place in the 24th biennial Transpacific Los Angeles-Honolulu race with a corrected time of 8:19:46:46.

BOWLING ED TAKACS, a 36-year-old salesman from Cleveland, took top prize of $32,000 in the $491,000 Petersen Classic in Chicago—richest of all bowling tournaments. He rolled an eight game total of 1,678, five pins better than Jerry Farriw of Philadelphia.

BOXING—Third-ranked heavyweight contender JOE FRAZIER, 23, of Philadelphia, added one more victory to his string of 16 and remained unbeaten as he scored a fourth-round TKO over Canadian George Chuvalo, 29, in a scheduled 12-rounder at New York's Madison Square Garden (*page 26*).

CYCLING—France's 27-year-old ROGER PINGEON led from the fifth leg of the 22-day Tour de France Alpine endurance race and pedaled to a 136:53:50 victory, only 3:40 in front of the celebrated Spaniard, Julio Jimenez.

GOLF—Dallas DON JANUARY outshot fellow Texan Don Massengale by two strokes for a 69 to win a playoff for the PGA Championship at the Columbine Country Club in Denver, Colo. (*page 18*).

Former National Open Champion CAROL MANN moved to the top of the LPGA money-winning list when she defeated Aussie Margie Masters by two strokes with a 54-hole total of 210 at the $18,000 Supertest Open in London, Ont. Defending Champion Kathy Whitworth finished third with 213.

HARNESS RACING "We were lucky," said Driver Harry Pownall, after guiding 15-to-1-shot POMP ($31.20) to victory through a congested field of 13 in the one-mile, $150,000 Yonkers Futurity—the initial leg of the Triple Crown of trotting—by three lengths over Dazzling Speed (*page 48*).

HORSE RACING—Taking full advantage of Buckpasser's 136-pound top weight, Hobeau Farm's HANDSOME BOY ($12.60), at 116 with Eddie Belmonte aboard, scored his second major victory in eight days with an eight-length upset over the 1966 Horse of the Year in the $106,700 Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct. The winning time of 2:00⅘ for the 1¼-mile race—the final leg of the handicap Triple Crown—missed the track record by only ⅘ second.

Mrs. Frances A. Genter's IN REALITY ($2.60), with Earlie Fires up, gained his sixth win in nine starts this year in the 1 1/16-mile $55,500 Choice Stakes at Monmouth Park, by beating Graham French's Crafty Look by 1¼ lengths.

With Angel Valenzuela up, N. B. Hunt's 12-to-1-shot AMERIGO LADY ($26.80), after stumbling at the start and running well behind the pack at the half-mile, came on to edge Gamely and Rider Willie Shoemaker by half a length to take the 1⅛-mile $55,800 Hollywood Oaks at Hollywood Park.

Ridden by Garth Patterson, the meeting's leading jockey, Walter M. Jeffords Jr.'s LEWISTON ($15.20) ran to a three-quarter-length victory over Swiss Cheese in the 1⅛-mile $61,410 Delaware Oaks, while the odds-on favorite Quilo Queen straggled in for a sixth-place finish in the field of nine 3-year-old fillies at Delaware Park.

MOTOR SPORTS RICHARD PETTY, Plymouth's 29-year-old lead driver from Level Cross, N.C., outdueled Fordman Dick Hutcherson of Camden, S.C. in the Volunteer 500 Stock Car Race in Bristol, Tenn., shattering Fred Lorenzen's 1964 track record with an average 78.7 mph.

SOCCER—NPSL: BALTIMORE (120) retained the Eastern Division lead by winning its only game, 2-1, over Chicago, while ATLANTA (108) moved ahead of PITTSBURGH (103). The Chiefs beat Toronto 4-1, with 24-year-old Graham Newton's three last-half goals, then tied New York 2-2 to move into second place, while the Phantoms dropped two, slipping to third. NEW YORK (97) won its sixth game out of the last eight before tying Atlanta as George Kirby kicked the winning goal, his seventh in seven games since he joined the club June 29. PHILADELPHIA (89) defeated Pittsburgh for the first time this season 4-1, but remained in the cellar, six points back. In the Western Division the standings did not change. OAKLAND (136), still in the lead, split two, ST. LOUIS (115) won two with Rudi Kolhl scoring once against the Clippers, 3-1, and twice more against the Toros, 4-3. LOS ANGELES (98) and CHICAGO (93) each lost a game, and last-place TORONTO (84) dropped two.

SWIMMING Two world records were broken over the past week as FRANCIS LUYCE, 20, of France clipped 4.8 seconds from Alain Mosconi's 800-meter freestyle mark with a time of 8:42.4 in Brittany, and KAREN MUIR, 14, of South Africa cut 4 second off Ann Fairlie's 110-yard backstroke record with a 1:07.5, in Coventry, England.

TENNIS Texan NANCY RICHEY gained an unprecedented fifth straight National Clay Courts singles title by defeating third-seeded Rosemary Casals of San Francisco 6-2, 6-3 in the finals in Milwaukee. The Australian doubles team of KERRY MELVILLE and KAREN KRANTZCKE successfully defended its women's title over Billie Jean King and Miss Casals. Top-seeded ARTHUR ASHE, on leave from the Army, beat fellow Davis Cup Player Marty Riessen to win the men's championship. Riessen teamed with Clark Graebner to win the doubles.

MILEPOSTS NAMED As the first official general manager and executive vice-president of the National Football League's New Orleans Saints, BERT E. ROSE JR., 47, assistant to NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle.

FIRED As manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, HARRY (The Hat) WALKER, 50, who in two and a half years had a 224-184 record. His 1965 and 1966 teams both placed third, while this year's club, favored by the Las Vegas bookies to win the National League pennant, was six and a half games out in sixth. Walker was replaced for the rest of the season by Former Pirate Manager DANNY MURTAUGH, 49, who, after seven and a half years retired from the job in 1964 because of ill health.

RETIRED From professional football, Veteran Halfback JON ARNETT, 32, after seven seasons with the Los Angeles Rams and three with the Chicago Bears, because of business interests in Los Angeles. Arnett, considered to be one of the most gifted runners in Los Angeles history, ended his NFL career with a lifetime 4.0 rushing average, 10,214 yards gained and 39 touchdowns.

DIED In Miami, Baseball's Hall of Fame slugger JIMMY (Double X) FOXX, 59. Considered to be one of the strongest right-handed batters in baseball history, Foxx helped the old Philadelphia Athletics achieve dominance in the early 1930s before moving to the Boston Red Sox. He retired in 1945 with 534 major league home runs, second at the time only to Babe Ruth.

CREDITS

4—Herb Scharfman 12—Walter Iooss Jr. 14—Sheedy & Long 15—AP, Los Angeles Times 16—UPI 17—Bob Clarke 27—Eric Schweikardt 31—33—Bruce Dawson, Magnum 45—Tony Triolo, drawings by Ed Cooper 46—Herb Scharfman 61—AP, Los Angeles Times, Maurice D. Worn at Sunday Courier & Press, Dow's Retro Chiefs, Enterprise Record, Roger Nolan 62—AP

FACES IN THE CROWD

ELAINE GRAY, 21, a student librarian from St. Albans, England, succeeded in her third attempt to break Greta Andersen's 1958 women's world cross-channel record when she swam from Cape Gris-Nez, France to Dover, England in 10:24, bettering the mark by 0:37.

BOB HUBER, an 18-year-old golfer from Lititz, Pa., birdied four of the last six holes to win the Pennsylvania State Junior championship in Hershey, beating out Andy Thompson, his Florida State University teammate and the tournament's 1965 winner, 2 and 1.

JUDY WAGNER, 28, of Palos Verdes Estates, Calif., who piloted her Beechcraft Bonanza to first place in the Montreal-Miami race in May, also won the Atlantic City, N.J.-Torrance, Calif. race to become the first woman to win both handicap events in one year.

ED KUHLENSCHMIDT, 39, a 27-yard handicap trapshooter from Evansville, Ind., who earlier this year became the 27th man ever to break 50 straight pairs of birds, won his first state doubles title by defeating Billy Christensen of Griffith, Ind. in a first-place shootoff.

JANET MACFARLANE, a 17-year-old Gridley, Calif. sprinter, began her second year of competitive track by winning three gold medals and setting three new marks—the long jump and the 100- and 220-yard dashes—at the Western U.S. Women's and Girls' games.

WARREN PECK, 37, a masonry contractor from Stow, Mass. who has taken part in cycling competitions for four years, earned his first high-point win at the American Motorcycle Association's 90-mile endurance run with 997 points on the woods course in Lewiston, Me.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

There was a certain [illegible] about the ever-tightening pennant race something that the American League has lacked for years. Why, there was even pennant fever in Washington (5-3) where Paul Casanova proclaimed, "We will win the pennant. Look at these guys, they know how to win." Winners in Washington? Yes, indeed. The Senators ran their winning streak to eight in a row, their longest in 18 years, before losing. Then, instead of retreating to the losing tradition they have worked so hard to build in recent decades, they won four of their next five games and hoisted themselves into sixth place. For each ounce of happiness in the stampede for first place there was a pound of anger. After CHICAGO (3-3) lost twice to CALIFORNIA (6-0), White Sox Manager Eddie Stanky stomped out of the clubhouse and left the radio blaring so that his players could hear the Angels' triumphant postgame show. They heard an interview with former teammate Bill Skowron, who had just helped beat them. Skowron said that his hit had been particularly gratifying because it had come against Gary Peters. He added, "I had to listen to a lot of his garbage for the last two and a half years about how I couldn't hit him when I was with the Yankees." Hoyt Wilhelm of the White Sox gave up his first runs in a 25-inning span that covered 14 relief jobs and six weeks. Jim Lonborg of BOSTON (7-0) became the biggest winner in the majors with his 14th victory. Carl Yastrzemski, exercising his new-found art of pulling the ball, brought his homer total to 24 and his average to .335. MINNESOTA (10-6) climbed to within half a game of first place, then stopped hitting. The Twins batted .187 for the week and skidded to fifth place, but fifth was only 3½ games from first. The walking [illegible] in DETROIT (5-3) but the bullet just started winning. Willie Horton (bad foot), Dick McAuliffe (stomach trouble), Don Wert (hit on the hip and mouth by pitches) and Norm Cash (hit on the ankle) all homered. Sam McDowell of CLEVELAND (2-5) shut out the Yankees, but three other starters—Sonny Siebert, Steve Hargan and Luis Tiant—lagged behind. The usually good pitching of KANSAS CITY (3-3) failed, but for a change the A's did some hitting, producing 27 runs in four games. NEW YORK (1-6), which has nine of 11 regulars hitting .236 or less, went 22 innings without scoring. Things were so bad in BALTIMORE (2-5) that fans were booing the Orioles' record-breaking pitching staff.

Standings: Chi 51 44, Bos 5 40, Cal 53 44, Det 50 37, Min 41 41, Wash 46 50, Cle 44 51, Balt 43 [illegible], Y 40 53, KC 40 55

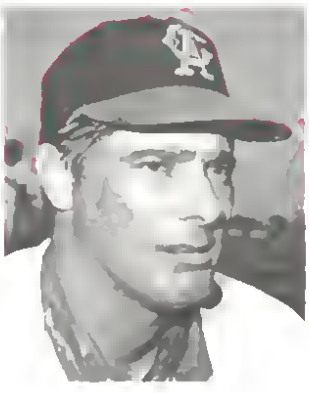
NATIONAL LEAGUE

CHICAGO (6-2) fans were excited enough to show up as much as five hours before game time, hopeful enough to paint a bull's-eye for Adolfo Phillips to aim his home run swing at and sympathetic enough to lower [illegible] (albeit moved) treat over the center-field wall to Willie Mays of the Giants' chicken-in-the-bucket. Ron Santo, who hit .516 last week, was as responsible as anyone for this enthusiasm and for the rise of the Cubs. On June 2 he was batting .225 and the Cubs were 22-21. Since then Santo has hit .376 and the Cubs have won 33 of 52 games. ST. LOUIS (5-3) had to struggle to stay a game up on the Cubs. The Cardinals did it by beating the Braves twice on the strength of clutch hits by Julian Javier and Dal Maxvill and the right pitching of Steve Carlton and Hal Woodeshick. ATLANTA (4-4) got fine pitching from Pat Jarvis, who won his 10th game, and from Phil Niekro, who brought his ERA down to 1.54, the best in the majors. Joe Torre summed up [illegible] transition in the club's personality by saying, "Suddenly it's like I'm on a different team. We have a champion's spirit and it's the first time since I've been with the Braves that we've had it." SAN FRANCISCO (3-6) too seemed like a different team with Mays showed down by the flu and with Juan Marichal out with arm trouble. When it came to transformations, though, it was hard to beat PITTSBURGH (5-4). The Pirates began scoring runs as soon as Danny Murtaugh replaced Harry Walker as manager. They started off with eight runs against the Giants, then reached a crescendo by twice getting 15 against HOUSTON (2-6). The Astros, who have the leading hitter in the majors (Rusty Staub, .358) and the RBI leader (Jim Wynn, 75), hired Walker as batting coach. Rick Wise of PHILADELPHIA (4-4) won twice, Bobby Wine hit his first homer in nearly two years and the Phillies, with the help of inept fielding by LOS ANGELES (4-3), scored three runs on a bunt. The Dodgers had to beat back oncoming NEW YORK (4-4) to retain eighth place. Reliever Hal Reniff of the Mets set a team record by building his scoreless-inning streak to 19 since being obtained from the Yankees. The latest casualty in CINCINNATI (3-4) was Gary Nolan. He had a 2-0 lead over the Cardinals in the seventh and had not allowed an earned run in 33 innings when he came down with an aching arm. The Reds committed 11 errors last week and opponents stole 14 bases. "It's enough to make you sick," said Manager Dave Bristol, in his medically oriented language.

Standings: StL 56 39, Chi 55 40, Cin 52 45, Atl 49 43, SF 50 47, Pitt 47 45, Phil 45 46, LA 40 53, NY 38 54, Hou 38 58

HIGHLIGHT

During 15 years as a ballplayer George Brunet of the Angels has played for 20 teams in 15 states from New York to Hawaii. Now that he has seen America, Brunet says, he hopes that he can stay put in the Angels' [illegible]. Seven weeks ago, though, it seemed that George would be spending the rest of his baseball days in the minors. His record had slumped to 2-9, his ERA to a lofty 4.27, and he might be traveling back to the minors. Then Brunet began winning. Last week he beat the Twins 2-0 and 7-1, bringing his record to 11-12 and his ERA down to 3.27. His minor league days may be over, but they are not forgotten. "Lots of things happened," Brunet says. "Some I'd rather forget. Others are worth remembering. I quit during my first year because I got homesick. Then I changed my mind and played for the Seminole, Oklahoma team the next year. I [illegible] looking out [illegible] I finally married [illegible] the majors [illegible] She's gone [illegible] I've been where [illegible] included Abilene, Texas; [illegible] N.C.; Crowley, La.; Buffalo, Portland, Oregon, and other stopovers. Every bus ride [illegible] was a bad one. Brunet says, "In some [illegible] you must a nail to hang your clothes on. In others [illegible] three guys shared the same locker. A couple times I came home wearing some other guy's trousers." Now, with a locker of his own and with comfortable planes to jet him around the American League, Brunet is content. He has won 10 consistently in recent weeks, however, that the Angels are talking pennant. If they do win it, well-traveled George will gladly expand his itinerary to include a National League city in October.



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DEATH UNLIMITED

Sirs

Kim Chapin's piece on powerboat racing (*A Rewarding Race in Detroit*, July 10) ended with the point that there is no real solution in sight for the deaths of unlimited hydroplane drivers. Simply stated, no one has yet discovered how to build a boat strong enough to be safe at 150-plus mph and no one can stop an aggressive driver from pushing his boat beyond its limits in a hot race.

Each of the more than 5,000 registered A.P.B.A. racing drivers who push the 4,469 registered A.P.B.A. boats realize that their chances go something like this: barring a collision a driver seldom suffers more than having the wind knocked out of him in spills up to 60 mph; from 60 mph to 100 mph he is due some cuts, abrasions and breaks; from 100 mph to 140 mph he is sure to have serious breaks, such as ribs or legs (unless his body or the boat stays in the air long enough to slow down and break the fall); beyond 140 mph the driver can be practically certain that nothing short of a miracle can save him.

Racing limited boats—even very fast ones—is a remarkably safe sport. More lives have been lost driving autos to and from regattas than in competition. Unlimited racing is obviously a dangerous sport, and our best minds have not been able to make it safe—short of outlawing racing, which is not likely to come about.

EDWARD H. NABB
Vice-President, Union International Boating
Cambridge, Md.

DEFENSE

Sirs

The stunning upset of the U.S. Davis Cup team by Ecuador in the North American Zone final (*The Best Losers in the World*, July 3) has left the tennis world and the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association gasping. For the sixth time in eight years the U.S. has failed to survive the preliminary rounds.

As a tennis professional I am convinced that the tactics and attitude of the American players are two major factors in this seemingly endless series of defeats.

For years the USLTA has advocated to junior players the strategy of ATTACK-ATTACK-ATTACK. This is sound strategy when the opening to attack presents itself. However, to be a complete player one must also be able to defend when one is attacked. This is where the Americans come a cropper.

I am certain that U.S. players do not fully realize the value of the lob—the most underestimated shot in tennis. The lob is your only reply when you are forced off the court or your opponent has come to the net on a forcing approach shot. A perfect example of this inability to lob was demonstrated in the 1967 U.S. National Indoor Men's Singles Championships between Arthur Ashe and Charles Pasarell. When Pasarell came to the net, Ashe could not lob the ball any deeper than the service line. Because of the short lobs Pasarell smashed away winner after winner. Our players could well emulate Bobby Riggs, rated by many experts the smartest player of all time. Often Riggs would go on the court with probably 100 balls and *practice* hitting lobs from his backhand side (the side usually attacked by the volleyer) to the opposite backhand side of the court. Out of 100 practice shots about 95 of the balls would land within a foot of the corner. Such lobs are demoralizing, as many of Riggs's opponents will recall to their discomfiture. The overemphasis on attack as advocated by the USLTA has been largely reponsible for the American ineptitude in Davis Cup competition.

As for attitude, let's take an example from golf. After Jack Nicklaus finished his third round of play in the 1967 National Open Golf Championship, he went out and practiced for an hour. It certainly paid off: the next day in the final round he sank a 22-foot putt on the 18th hole to clinch the championship. If only our tennis players had this determination.

Unless the American players forget about their press clippings and knuckle down to playing percentage tennis on key points using the orthodox shots and foregoing the crowd-pleasing, spectacular shots, the U.S. Davis Cup team will continue to be an also-ran. The answer is to play the game the way it was designed to be played—with brains, and not just brawn.

HANK QUINN
Ellenville, N.Y.

HANK QUINN (CENTER) WITH RON HOLMBERG AND CHUCK MCKINLEY

Sirs

It seems to me that the article referring to our U.S. Davis Cup team as "a bunch of goodwill ambassadors who would rather quit than fight" serves no constructive purpose whatsoever. Will ridiculing our players for lack of fight help them do better next year? Perhaps they were trying too hard because of the tremendous pressures on them to win, with each additional year of failure only increasing the pressure buildup.

To further criticize them for showing good sportsmanship and being good ambassadors is even worse. The fact that they were able to be good sports in the face of such a humiliating defeat shows the kind of character that can make us all proud that this type of person represented our country. The attitude that Americans are superior and always have to win seems to me to be a very spoiled philosophy and one which contributes to bad public relations with other countries.

MRS. FRANK SKILLMAN
Kinston, N.C.

DON'T KNOCK HOCKEY

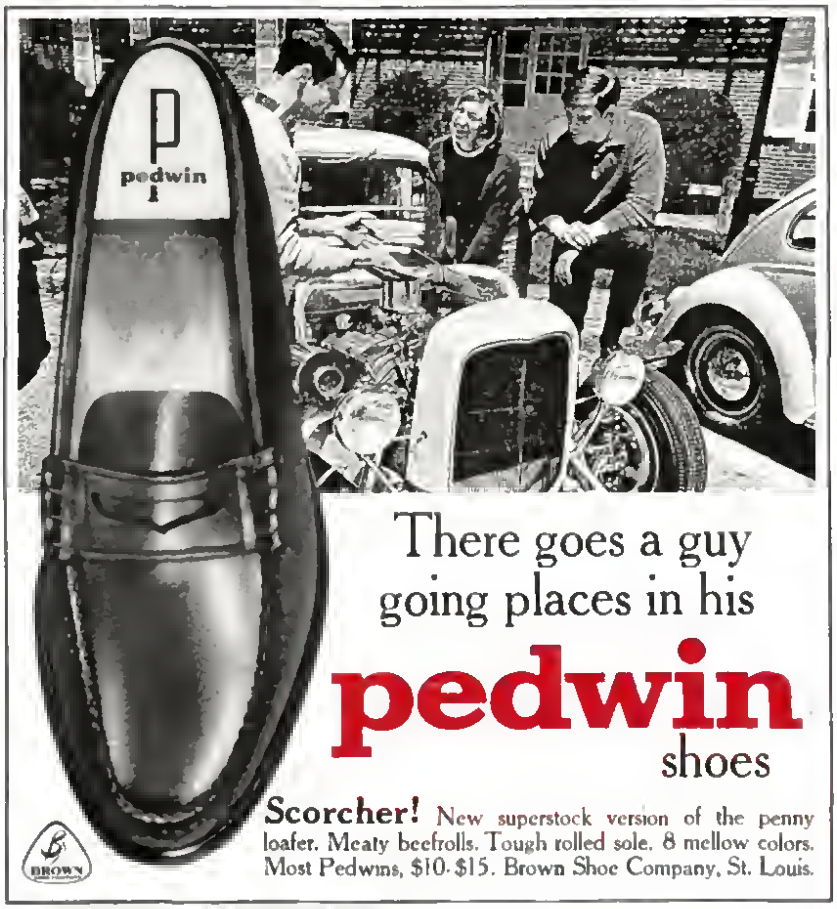
Sirs

I am truly happy to see the lady pros get some publicity (*Sprightly Boppers and a Cool Golden Swinger*, July 3). I for one feel they're playing for peanut purses while the men pros and the rest of the country in general have moved into the cashew class.

I don't know what Pat Ryan meant when she said, "Not so long ago the women pros looked like field-hockey players out of Philadelphia," but I assume it was meant in a derogatory sense. My apologies to the LPGA, but I think a closer comparison would be to an NBA basketball team, as I believe they could field quite a sizable "Big Five."

Take any kind of group, whether it's a bridge club or a pro football team, and there will be good-looking people, average-

continued



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looking people and just plain homely people!

As for field-hockey players from Philadelphia, at least they're a proud lot. Last year's U.S. team was composed of 10 Philadelphians and one ex-Philadelphian. The U.S. Touring Team that leaves for Germany August 30th for three weeks of international play has 12 out of 14 players from Philadelphia. The reason for this outstanding record is that we have the best interscholastic and collegiate program in the country.

G. A. DUNN

Boothwyn, Pa.

AAU ANSWER

Sirs:

Since it seems to be the current avocation to castigate the U.S. National Basketball team for its failure to win the World Amateur Championship in Montevideo, I would like to present some facts that your readers may find interesting.

Mr. Clifford Fagan of the U.S. Basketball Federation states (19TH HOLE, July 10) that the reason the top college players did not play in the World Championship was because the AAU selected the team. The fact is that AAU President Mathin requested by letter to NCAA President Plant that the NCAA cooperate in sending the best possible team to represent the U.S. in this important event. The NCAA answered this by sending a bulletin to its member institutions denying undergraduate students the right to participate in the World Championships in Montevideo and the first 1,80-meter (5'11") championship in Spain (won by the U.S.). The NAIA, however, cooperated fully by making its undergraduates available for both teams. Why did many of the top college stars (*e.g.*, Walker and Alcindor) also bypass the Pan-American Games?

If the 12 players comprising the team for the World Championships (nine of these had previously been selected for the U.S. Pan-American Team) were not all the best basketball players in the U.S., they certainly were the best available to represent their country under adverse playing conditions, including hostile crowds and 35° temperatures inside the arena. The team had only 10 days to work together before its first game to give the NAIA college men the opportunity to finish their exams and still participate. Coaches Hal Fischer, Jim Gudger and the entire team worked as hard during this training period and the championship as any team ever. The only thing this team did wrong was to fail to win the championship, because a U.S. team is not supposed to lose in basketball. It did defeat Russia 59-58, and only lost the championship in the final second of play when Yugoslavia defeated it 73-72.

DAVID H. GREGG
Basketball Administrator, AAU
New York City

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